Mr. Samuel Butler

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# Posthumous Works *In* Prose *and* Verse,

Written in the time of the Civil Wars and Reign of K. Charles II. by

## *Mr.* Samuel Butler,

Author of Hudibras.

FROM

Original MSS. and Scarce and Valuable Pieces formerly printed.

WITH

A Key to Hudibras,

by Sir *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed for R. Smith and G. Strahan at the *Royal Exchange*, Jonas Brown without *Temple-bar*; and Sold by J. Morphew near *Stationers-hall*. 1715.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# Posthumous Works IN PROSE and VERSE.

## Written in the Time of the Grand Rebellion, and Reign of King *Charles* II.

By Mr. *SAMUEL BUTLER*, Author of *Hudibras*.


1. A Burlesque Pindarick on *Du Val*.
2. Court Burlesqu'd.
3. Proposals for Farming Liberty of Con.
4. The Assembly-Man.
5. The Case of King *Charles* I. stated.
6. His Character.
7. Good Advice in bad Times, a Satyr.
8. The Character of a Fanatick.
9. A Conference betwixt a Puritan and a Family.
10. A Quaker against the Independants.
11. An Independant against the Quakers.
12. Geneva Ballad.
13. The Character of the Five Sectaries.

With a Key to *Hudibras* by Sir *Roger L'Estrange*.



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4 +

10 JY 60

To the most
Illustrious Prince
JAMES,
Duke of *Ormond.*

*May it please Your Grace,*

THough it is Folly and Presumption to approach your Person with this Piece, yet, as the Author of it had the Honour to be

of the Name of BUTLER, and highly reſpected by your never to be forgotten Grandfather, for his Loyalty, which incited all your Noble Family to admire his Works, as well as King *Charles* the Second, who never went abroad without 'em, we have attempted to make a Dedication of his *Poſthumous Labours* (which have been collected with a great deal of Trouble and Charges) to your Grace; whoſe Fidelity ever to the

Royal

Royal Family, as well as Country, both at Home and abroad, cauſes *Great-Britain*, as well as *Ireland*, to admire your admirable Conduct, in all the High Employments which the Crown (for your unparallel'd Merits) have been pleas'd to beſtow upon you. The original Piece of Mr. *Samuel Butler*, intituled, *Hudibras*, has met with a general and kind Reception through Chriſtendom, by all that were

acquainted with his Language, and being writ with a great deal of Fire and sublime Thoughts on the Account of Monarchical Government, it had been before now translated into most *European* Languages, by the last and present Age, but only his coining new Words, to make jingle to his Verse (call'd *Carmen jocularе* by the *Latins*) being not to be made intelligible in another Tongue, the Attempt

tempt was left off. What we here present your Grace of this, are as valuable, as being writ with the same *Energy* and *Force of Thought* as the other; but your Grace being of that Clearness and Perspicuity of Wit, that we need not give any Introduction for the setting forth the Drift of Mr. *Butler*'s Design in what he writ, as tending all to the Glory of Church and State, in opposition to Antimonarchical Principles;

now, with all ſubmiſſion, give me the liberty of ſpeaking no more in Mr. *Butler*'s Praiſe, to blazon yours: but knowing your Modeſty exceeds your Grandeur, I durſt not preſume to give any other Encomium upon your Grace, than to ſay, that all People beſtow the ſame Eulogy upon you, which moſt claſſick Authors report was given to *Veſpaſian* the *Roman* Emperor, *Amor ac Deliciæ humani generis*; not only *Vigo* en-

titles

titles you to that Character, but many other Tranſactions, which I forbear repeating, becauſe it is my Ambition to ſubſcribe myſelf

*Your Grace's*

*Moſt humble and*

*obedient Servant,*

TO

# READER.

# TO THE READER.

THE *following Pieces, which are here offer'd to the Publick, are the Remains of that great and celebrated Genius* Mr. BUTLER, *Author of* Hudi-

Hudibras: *No greater Compliment can be paid to these Writings, than to say, they are His; and therefore I shall forbear to add any thing further to their Praise, since no one, who is the least acquainted with the Characters of this Glory of our Nation, but must secretly congratulate himself and Mankind upon the recovery of this invaluable Treasure, and conceive the highest Idea of any thing that comes from so renowned a Hand,*

*from*

*from one whom all confess the most exalted Wit of the Age in which he lived, and one of the brightest Spirits that ever adorn'd our Island: There is no one, I say, who has heard the Name of* BUTLER, *but will naturally expect from these Miscellanies every Excellence that can be met with in human Productions. He will depend to see Wit in its whole extent and variety, so unconstrain'd, and flowing with that freedom, as*

*if*

*if the great Author were only the* Amanuensis *to some Heavenly Muse, and charmed us with Thoughts not his own.*

*What therefore the Reader may be inform'd of is, that a very great Expence, and almost incredible Industry has been laid out in collecting these Papers, which have been scattered thro' an infinite number of Hands, and could not have been recovered but by the most intense application.*

# To the Reader.

*To conclude, These genuine Pieces were written, as may be collected from the general Arguments, partly during the Rebellion, and partly at the latter end of King* Charles *the Second's Reign, about which Time our inimitable Author died.*

*Just at the finishing of this Volume, the Publisher of it having receiv'd some extraordinary Pieces done by this celebrated Author, from several Gentlemen, he*

# To the READER.

*is, at their Request, desired to publish them; and accordingly he will, next* Michaelmas-*Term, oblige the World with 'em: Therefore if any other Persons have any Manuscripts of Mr.* SAMUEL BUTLER's *in their Hands, if they please to send 'em to Mr.* John Morphew *near* Stationers-Hall, *they shall be carefully incerted in the next Volume, which will be printed at the Time above-mentioned.*

10 JY 60

THE

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A Bur-

A

# Burlesque Pindarick

# ODE,

## To the Memory of the most Renown'd *Claud. Du Val*, the Highwayman.

I.

'TIs true, to complement the Dead,
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call 'em back again.

Or, like the *Tartars*, give 'em Wives,
With Settlements for After-lives.
For all that can be done or said,
Tho' ne'er so noble, great and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood
All our fine Sleights, and Tricks of Art,
First to create, and then adore Desert;
And those Romances which we frame,
To raise ourselves, not them a Name,
In vain are stuft with ranting Flatteries
And such, as if they knew, they would (despise;
For as those Times, the *Golden Age* (they call,
In which there was no Gold at all;
So we plant Glory and Renown,
Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
But to worse purpose, many times,
To varnish o'er nefarious Crimes,

And

And cheat the World, that never seems to mind
How good or bad Men die, but what they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave *DuVal*, whose Name
Can ne'er be worn out by Fame,
That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
A great Example to Mankind:
That fell a publick Sacrifice,
From Ruin to prevent those few,
Who, tho' born false, may be made true;
And teach the World to be more just (and wise,
Ought not, like vulgar Ashes, rest
Unmention'd in the silent Chest,
Not for his own, but Publick Interest.
He like a pious Man, some Years before
Th' arrival of his fatal Hour,

Made ev'ry Day he had to live,
To his last Minute, a Preparative;
Taught the wild *Arabs* on the Road
To act in a more genteel Mode,
Take Prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *Filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful Fashion,
Than e'er was known before to the dull *English* Nation.

III.

In *France*, the Staple of new Modes,
Where Garbs & Courts are current *Goods*
That serves the ruder Northern Nations
With Methods of Address and Treat,
Prescribes new Garnitures and Fashions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No-out-of-fashion Wine or Meat.

To

To understand Crevats and Plumes,
And the most modish from the old Per-
(fumes,
To know the Age and Pedigrees,
Of Points of *Flanders* and *Venice*,
Cast their Nativity, and to a Day
Foretel how long they'll hold, and when
(decay,
T'affect the purest Negligences,
In Gestures, Gaits and Miens,
And speak by Repartee Routines,
Out of the most authentic of Romances;
And to demonstrate with substantial
(Reason,
What Ribbands all the Year are in or
(out of Season.

IV.

To this great Academy of Mankind,
He ow'd his Birth and Education,
Where all are ſo ingeniouſly inclin'd,
They underſtand by Imitation;
Are taught, improv'd before they are aware,
As if they'd ſuckt their Breeding from the Air,
That naturally does diſpence
To all, a deep and ſolid Confidence,
A Virtue of that precious uſe,
That he whom bounteous Heav'n endues
But with a mod'rate ſhew of it,
Can want no Worth, Abilities, nor Wit.
In all the deep Hermetick Arts,
(For ſo of late the Learned call
All Tricks, if ſtrange and myſtical)
He had improv'd his nat'ral Parts,

And

And with his magick Rod could found,
Where hidded Treasures may be found.
He, like a Lord o'th'Mannor seiz'd upon,
Whatever happen'd in his Way,
As lawful Waif and Stray,
And after, by the Custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first Rudiments he grew
To nobler Feats, and try'd his Force
Upon whole Troops of Foot and Horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue:
Declar'd all Caravans, that go
Upon the King's Highway, his Foe,
Made many desperate Attacks,
Upon itinerant Brigades,
Of all Professions, Ranks and Trades;
On Carriers Loads and Pedlars Packs,

Made them lay down their Arms and (yield,
And, to the smallest Piece, restore,
All that by cheating they had got before,
And after plunder'd all the Baggage of (the Field;
In ev'ry bold Affair of War,
He had the chief Command and led (them on;
For no Man is judg'd fit to have the Care
Of others Lives, until he'as made it (known,
How much he does despise and scorn (his own.

VI.

Whole Provinces, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
Have by his conq'ring Sword been won;
And mighty Sums of Money laid,
For Ransom, upon ev'ry Man,

And

And Hoſtages deliver'd 'till 'twas paid.
Th'Exciſe, and Chimney-Publican,
The *Jew*, Foreſtaller and Inhanſer,
To him for all their Crimes did anſwer.
He vanquiſh'd the moſt fierce and fell
Of all his Foes, the Conſtable,
That oft had beat his Quarters up,
And routed him, and all his Troop.
He took the dreadful Lawyer's Fees,
That in his own allow'd Highway,
Does Feats of Arms as great as his,
And when th'encounter in it, wins th'Day
Safe in his Gariſon, the Court,
Where meaner Criminals are ſentenc'd (for't,
To the ſtern Foe he oft gave Quarter,
But as the *Scotchman* did to *Tartar*,
That he in Time to come,
Might, in return from him, receive his (Doom.

VII.

He would have ſtarv'd this *mighty Town*,
And brought its haughty Spirit down;
Have cut it off from all Relief,
And like a wiſe and valiant Chief,
Made many a fierce Aſſault
Upon all Ammunition-Carts,
And thoſe that bring up Cheeſe and Malt,
Or Bacon from remoter Parts.
No Convoy e'er ſo ſtrong, with Food,
Durſt venture on the deſperate Road;
He made th'undaunted Waggoner obey,
And the fierce Higler Contribution pay;
The ſavage Butcher and ſtout Drover
Durſt not to him their feeble Troops diſcover;
And if he had but kept the Field,
In time he'd made the City yield;

For

For great Towns, like the Crocodiles,
(are found
I'th' Belly apteſt to receive a mortal
(Wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal Hour arriv'd,
In which his Stars began to frown,
And had in cloſe Cabal contriv'd
To pull him from his height of Glory
(down,
When he by num'rous Foes oppreſs'd,
Was in the enchanted Dungeon caſt,
Secur'd with mighty Guards,
Leſt he by Force or Stratagem,
Might prove too cunning for their
(Chains and them,
And break thro' all their Locks, and
(Bolts, and Wards,
He'd

He'd both his Legs *by Charms* committed
To one another's Charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their Fury & Revenge outwitted.
As Jewels of high Value are
Kept under Locks with greater Charge
Than those of meaner Rates;
So he was in Stone-Walls, and pondrous
(Chains, and Iron Grates.

IX.

Thither came Ladies from all Parts,
To offer up close Pris'ners, Hearts,
Which he receiv'd as Tribute due,
And made 'em yield up Love and Ho-
(nour too,
But in more brave Heroicks
Than e'er was practis'd yet in Plays;

For

For thoſe two ſpiteful Foes who never (meet
But full of hot Conteſt and Piques,
About Punctilio's and meer Tricks,
Did all their Quarrels to his Doom ſub- (mit,
And far more generous and free,
With only looking on him did agree,
Both fully ſatisfy'd; the one
With the freſh Laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned Feats
He had perform'd in Arms;
The other with his Perſon and his (Charms;
For juſt as Larks are catch'd in Nets,
By gazing on a Piece of Glaſs,
So while the Ladies view his brighten (Eyes,
And ſmoother poliſh'd Face,
Their gentle Hearts, alas! were taken (by Surprize.

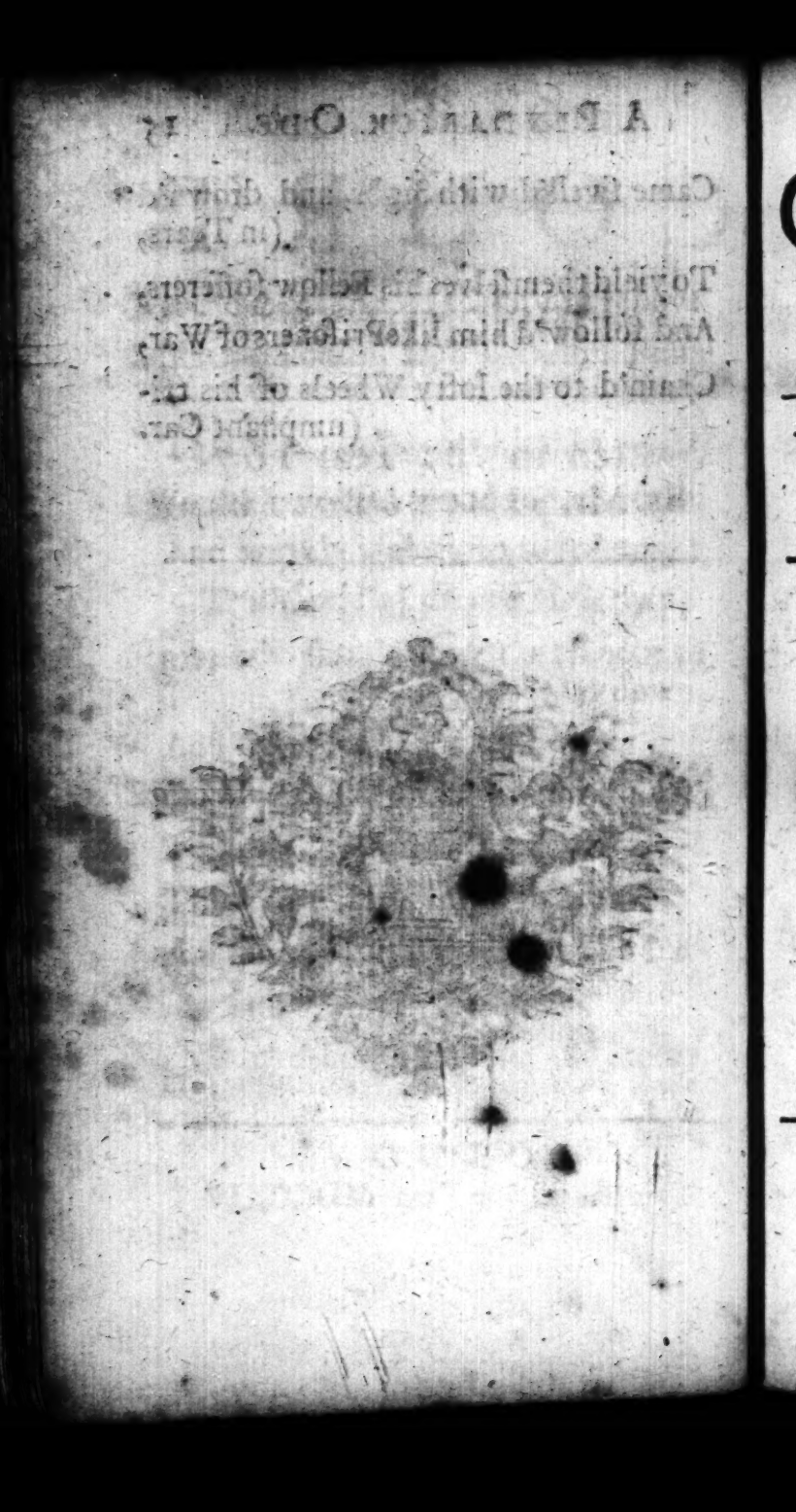
Never

X.

Never did bold Knight Errant, to relieve
Distressed Dames, such dreadful Feats atchieve,
As feeble Damsels for his sake
Would have been proud to undertake,
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The World's Loss and their own,
Strove who should have the Honour to lay down,
And change a Life with him:
But finding all their Hopes in vain,
To move his fixt determin'd Fate,
They, Life itself began to hate,
And all the World beside disdain:
Made loud Appeals and Moans
To less hard-hearted Grates and Stones,

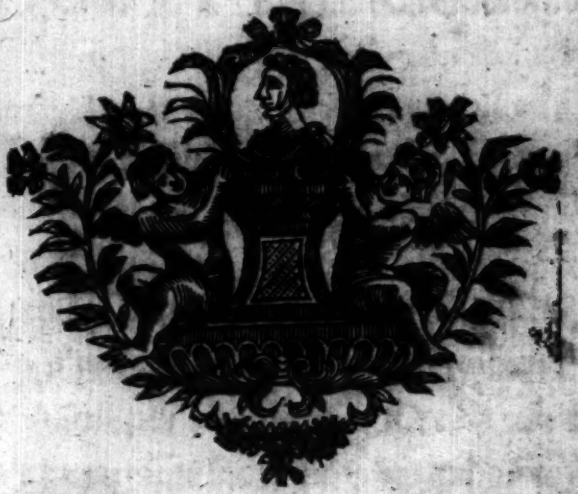
Came

Came swell'd with Sighs, and drown'd in Tears,
To yield themselves his Fellow sufferers,
And follow'd him like Prisoners of War,
Chain'd to the lofty Wheels of his triumphant Car.



# THE COURT Burlesqued.

Written in the Year 1678.
By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year MDCCXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# THE
# COURT Burleſqu'd.

I Sing a merry Monarch's Fame,
Whoſe Co---ece no Advice can tame;
Nor can the Pow'r of Both the Houſes
Keep it from gaping at their 'Spouſes.
No Wonder, ſince all Living Creatures
Will ſtill purſue their diff'rent Natures.
Why therefore ſhould not Kings be kind
To Punks and Jilts, if ſo inclin'd?

Since

Since no Man cares to be debar'd
Of that for which he's moſt regard:
But ſtill will gratify that Luſt
To which he has the greateſt Guſt.
The Sportſman hunts away his Life,
And for his Dogs forſakes his Wife:
The Sot in Bumpers drowns his Time,
And thinks Sobriety a Crime:
The Gameſter Curſes, Prays, and Plays,
And fretting, fools away his Days:
The Leacher ſweats away his Nights,
In drudging hard at Love Delights:
Therefore ſince Subjects have their follies
And all Men in their turns are Cullies,
Why may not Kings, as well as Nobles,
To craving Jilts be gen'rous Bubbles,
Since few Men can refrain that Vice
Of which their Natures have a Spice,
How

How should the Head that rules the Throne,
Govern the Tail when Rampant grown,
Or make that loose Proud-Flesh obey,
That has so long had Sov'reign Sway?

Two Scepters, to the Nation's cost,
His strong-back'd Majesty can boast;
By dint of one he does maintain
His Regale Power over Men;
The other steers his loose Affection,
And keeps the Ladies in Subjection;
Nor does the Monarch scorn to own it,
Tho' Picked-Beard cries, Shame upon it.
Why should he, since the Wise we know
Have two Strings always to their Bow,
That if one falters, when its try'd,
The other may be well apply'd.
So *R*-----, when he craves Supplies,
And his Requeſt the House denies,

With

With City-Heifers then he plows,
Plants Royal Creſt on Factious Brows;
With ſwarthy Brats adorns their Houſes,
And borrows of their wealthy 'Spouſes,
Well knowing Cuckold-makers find
The loving Cuckold always kind.
Thus, at a pinch, his Point he gains,
By dint of Back as well as Brains;
And when he thus exerts his Forces,
To dive into the City's Purſes,
If he proves lib'ral of his Nature,
The Wives, to recompence the Matter,
Plead hard to make th'Sum the greater.

*So Bullies who ſupport their Lives*
*By kindly kiſſing Buxom Wives,*
*Like Thraſhers drudge t'advance their Gains*
*In due Proportion to their Pains.*

Old

Old *Harry*'s C--piece in the *Tower*,
That once contain'd such fleshly Power,
Made now a Cushcon for the Fair,
To stick in Pins and Needles there,
That by that Means they may express
Their Rev'rence to the empty Case,
And not forget that Pious Prince,
Whose *Tarriwags* it held long since.
What tho' that Codpiece's dimension,
Shows something was of large extention.
Besides, it brought into this Nation,
So Great a thing as Reformation;
And therefore, to our Lady's Eyes,
Can be of no disdainful Size:
Yet if to thine, O *C----s!* compar'd,
'Tis but a Bauble, by the L---d;
A C--piece that would pinch thy Belly
Bottom, tho' shorten'd by thy *Nelly!*

A Case that would not half incloſe
Thy Scepter, all the Kingdom knows:
No! *Harry*'s C--piece muſt knock under
Thine merits fifty times the wonder;
And has ejected twice the Force,
That e'er leap'd out of *Trojan* Horſe;
For tho' thou hadſt but one good Wife
To recreate thee in thy Life,
And he had ſix, yet thou hadſt more
Of other Mens, by twice a Score;
Beſides more Harlots, to thy Coſt,
Than *Solomon* could ever boaſt;
And more *Fitz Roys* of thy begetting,
Than *Hal* had Peers of his creating.

Go on, brave C---s, and if thy Back,
As well as Luſt, but holds thee tack,
Moſt of thy Court, in time, much rather
Than call thee King, will call thee Father,

For

For such a Crowd of sp——s D---s,
With empty Heads and tawny Looks,
Will plague thy throne, that all thy Places
Must be ingross'd by graceless Graces;
Thy Court be fill'd with B-st-d Brothers
Begot on mercenary Mothers,
Most kindly taken for their Charms,
From Cellars into Monarch's Arms.
*So Vapours that from Ditches rise,*
*Change to be Meteors in the Skies.*

The witty'st of the wanton Crew,
That do by turns thy Lust subdue,
Was snatch'd from Theater, G-d, wot,
And rais'd to be the Lord knows what;
Tho breach'd at fourteen Years of Age
By the Sham-Monarch of the Stage,
That skill'd in Love, the pritty Thing
Might better please a Real King:

For *Nelly* knows she owes the Art
Of W——g, not to C—— but *Hart*;
He taught her first to manage right
The Female Scabbard of Delight:
Which made the Monarch love his *Nel*,
Because she did the Trick so well.
*So airy Jilts, train'd up for Cullies,*
*Are tap'd in Stews by Pimps and Bullies*
*And then prefer'd to wealthy Beds,*
*For charming high priz'd Maidenheads*

Another Lass of Beauteous Feature,
Bred up, like *N—l*, in the Theatre,
Who long had row'l her Eyes about,
To pick some Keeping Cully out;
Ogl'd the Boxes and the Pit,
Where Noble Lords and Bubbles sit,
Till she'd at last the luck to Charm
A King who ne'er meant Woman harm,

But lov'd the pleaſing Spot from whence
He came, becauſe he came from thence.
However, as ſome People tell us,
*Nelly* of *Molly* growing Jealous,
Prepar'd a Doſe of purging Jallop,
And gave it to her Sifter Trallup,
That very Night the Royal C---ly
Deſign'd to exerciſe his Folly,
With his new Miſtreſs, to the Grief
Of *Nelly*, who was Miſs in Chief.
No ſooner had the Princely Lover,
Inflam'd with furious Luſt all over,
Bedded his new Theatrick Dame,
To ſatiate his falacious Flame
But giving *Moll* an am'rous Tumble,
The Harlots Guts began to grumble,
And in the height of all their Sport,
Let fly a very nauſeous Flirt.

A Fizzle of a fouler Nature (ter,
Than Small-beer Grounds or Kennel Wa-
Which therefore highly did disgust
The Monarch's Sceptre of his Lust,
And of a sudden gave him reason,
To stop his Nose against the Treason,
Which in his Nostrils stunk as hot
As if t'ad been a Powder-Plot:
Nor did the Mischief only reach
The neighb'ring folds of Madam's B---h
But in the sweet Enjoyment flew
All o'er his Royal Dowsers too,
That he was forc'd to fly the Bed,
Much frighted and as much bewray'd,
Leaving poor Miss, that smelt so strong,
To lie and batt'n in her Dung,
The K——, altho' he honour'd S——,
As much as any Mortal living,

And

And lov'd the condescending Part
Of Lady Fair with all his Heart,
Yet tho' before he was so smitten,
When once he found himself b——n
He loath'd the Bird, or rather Beast,
That so befoul'd her charming Nest,
And spoil'd that kind refreshing Smell
Which *R——y* always lov'd so well,
That her past Service he rewarded,
And from that time the Punk discarded.
Thus she who by her S——gn L---d
Was for her Beauty once ador'd,
In one sad Hour lost Royal Favour,
By dropping what had too much savour.
*So those who by good Turns have won us,*
*And signal Friendships oft have done us,*
*Yet if they disoblige at last,*
*We bury all their Kindness past.*

*Nay, Kings themselves, that are so vain*
*And gen'rous when they're pleas'd, what then?*
*If vex'd they're just like other Men.*

A third more beauteous than the rest,
That prov'd a Snake in Royal Breast,
Was rais'd for hum'ring his Debauches,
From a lewd C------s to a D----s;
But being troubl'd, as some say,
With such an Itch that none could lay,
She could not be content alone
To bind her Honour to the Throne,
But loving well the am'rous Sport,
Turn'd Prostitute to half the Court:
Nor would her G--ce confine her Favours
To their weak surfeited Endeavours,
But search'd both Playhouses and Fairs,
For Dancers of the Ropes and Players,

Such

Such that would drudge as hard to earn
The Pence, as Thrashers in a Barn,
Exert their Strength and strain their Sinews,
For a green Purse half fill'd with Guineas.
This made the Court as mad as Devils,
To find they had such scoundrel Rivals,
That they, to be reveng'd upon her,
Whisper'd to *R——y* the Dishonour
Done him by such a Jilting H--sy,
Who'd so abus'd her T—zy-m---zy.
This made the King at once resign her,
Altho' he never had a finer.
*So the close Harlot that detects*
*Her Neighbour joining Sex with Sex,*
*Will cry out Whore upon the Dame,*
*Expose her Faults to publick Shame,*
*Tho' she herself has done the same.*

The M---rch, tho' in Pocket low,
B'ing proud, at his Expence, to know
What diff'rence Nature had begot,
Betwixt a *French* and *Englisb* T--t,
Takes a gay Tit from *France* to mount,
The Cast-off of a *Paris* Count,
With Apple-Face and slender Waste,
All over Jilt, yet looking Chaste;
With her the M---ch next agreed,
To pleasure his adult'rous Bed,
That he might know the worth & nature
Of *French* Commodities the better.
This Madam with her nimble Scut,
Now tosses M------y about,
And from the Pockets of his Britches,
Shakes out her R---l C----y's Riches,
Thus like a true experienc'd W——,
Ev'n keeps her very Keeper poor.

Nor has he yet the sence to see
How much his Generosity
Dishonours his M---ck Station,
And makes him slighted by the Nation.
Whilst she, her Country to advance,
Sends golden Pies from hence to *France*,
And strips the M----ch of our Isle,
T'enrich her own dear native Soil:
Is but a treach'rous Spy upon him,
To hug him till she's quite undone him,
Does all his Grand Affairs discover,
To cunning *L---s* at the *Louvre*.
O *C---s*! how happy had we been,
Hadst thou but had a fruitful Queen,
Or else been Gelt before Fifteen.

Besides these mercenary Crew,
Who drain his Purse and ——— too,

And with their B---d Broods deceive him
Of all the Wealth the People give him,
Yet such a Crowd of Ladies ply
Around his Throne, who, by the by,
Are proud to ease his L----ry,
That scarce a D---ss of Renown,
Or wanton C---ss in the Town,
But wait the motion of his L--st,
In hopes to have one R--l T---st,
Each striving when his love grows fervent
To be his very humble Servant;
Well knowing that the only means
To win the Favour of their P---ce,
Is to surrender when he's ready,
The Seat of Honour in a Lady;
Then let 'em ask what 'tis they want,
And T--- will gain what Merit can't.
Thus he that needs a Boon at Court,
And has but small Pretentions for't,

Let

Let him but send his Wife, if pritty,
Or Daughter that's but young and witty
As long as C——s the S——d Reigns,
He need not fear to gain his Ends;
For he, good Prince, could ne'er deny
The Petticoat, good reason why,
Because, as he himself does own,
He loves a Lady 'bove a Crown.

These Lady Punks, that like the Sport,
Are th' only shining Lamps at Court,
Who, by the use of Copulation,
Bring Wh—ing daily into fashion,
That none approach the R——l Presence,
But with such am'rous acquiescence,
That he who asks another's Bride
To lay her Modesty aside,
Need never fear to be deny'd.

For

For since the Greatest Courtiers use it,
'Tis thought Ill Breeding to refuse it.
They take Example by the T—e,
And make their M—'s Vice their own;
The City borrow't from the Court,
And hand it to the Common Sort;
Till thus, by Ape-like Imitation,
Love spreads his Wings o'er all the Na-
(tion,
Where nothing thrives, we plainly see,
But P—ry, P-x, and V—ry,
Till *London* is as famous grown,
For W——m, (G-d preserve the T——)
As *Sodom* was for their provoking
God's Vengeance, by their backward po-
(king

Besides these Ladies of the Sport,
Whose Lust inflames the B—y Court,

And makes a Brothel of a Pallace,
Where Harlots Ply, as many tell us,
Like Brimstone's in a Whetstone Ale-
(house,
There are a Crowd of fawning P—s,
Which *R——y* calls his Ministers,
Who manage with such Craft and Care,
They fit their M——h to a Hair;
Assist him in his costly S——,
But make him pay for their Contriving;
Project such cunning Ways and Shifts,
To help him out at all dead Lifts,
That when they have supply'd his
(Wants,
Themselves may beg the larger Grants:
Thus by ill Means th' enrich his Trea-
(sure,
Then pick his Pocket at their leisure.
*So those who spunge upon a Friend,*
*Who is too free to spend and lend,*

*When*

*When at a Pinch (if not bereft*
*Of all, but still has something left)*
*They'll raise him Money on his Credit*
*That they may share it as they need it.*

The Chief of these was Crafty C--y,
Who first advis'd the King to Marry
To *K--e* of *Lisbone*, who had got
No Catch to her unfruitful Spot,
In hopes his pretty blooming D------,
May come to be a ------ herea'ter:
Or that her Issue may, at least,
Be of the —— in time possest.
This cunning Machiavelian Cuff,
Tho' he himself is wise enough,
Yet he advises honest *R--y*,
To many a strange unk---like Folly,
Indulges him in loose Amours,
And raises Money for his W-----,

Rather

Rather than he should send back *Kate*,
And marry with a fruitful Mate,
Whose Race his B—d may disappoint,
And put their Noses out of Joint.
*So junior Brothers love to see*
*Their Seniors without Progenie,*
*Because they hope that they or theirs*
*May prove their Elder Brothers Heirs.*)

But C—y, who hath long ingross'd
His Prince, and e'ery gainful Post,
That Merit, without his Consent,
Can never rise in Government,
At last is glad to quit his hold,
For what he'as said, and what he'as sold
Is forc'd, in spite of —— his Son,
To take his farewel of the Throne,
And from the Land to fly by stealth,
Into a much worse Commonwealth.

Leaving

Leaving the Noble House he built,
As a proud Witness of his Guilt,
Whose costly Walls were rais'd, 'tis said,
By *French* Pistoles for *Dunkirk* paid;
And since it breaks old C——'s Heart,
To think that C——s and he should part,
The fain'd Ecureal is decreed,
(In hopes to please the Factious Breed)
To fall e'relong a Sacrifice,
That from its Ruins there may arise,
Whole Streets of famous ——— houses,
Where Buxom Jades, for want of Spouses
Shall shew each Rake what pritty Sport
The Lords and Ladies use at Court;
And what a way *Nel G——n* has got,
To humour *R——y* with her T——t.
*Just so Lords Palaces of old,*
*When into Builders clutches sold,*

Were

*Were often doom'd beneath the Curses*
*Of being Inns for Law or Horses.*

Another cunning *Fox* of State,
Advanc'd from Little to be Great,
Has, by Court Wheedles, climb'd to be
The greateſt in the Treaſury.
Nor truly does he want the ſence,
To manage well the Nation's Pence;
Becauſe, in ſpite of all their Care,
He'll have, at leaſt, a Favorite's Share.
And is more Charge to *England*'s Th—e,
Than any She that hangs there on.
Nor does he, like his Maſter's Dutcheſs,
Receive his Pay from others Clutches,
But judges of his own Deſerts,
And, to reward his able Parts,
In his High Station, is ſo wiſe
To ſerve himſelf, and thus he cries,

*Here's*

*Here's so much for Your Majesty,*
*But, Tom, here's twice as much for thee;*
*And all that you and I can spare,*
*We'll frankly pay away elsewhere.*
This, by a Rat behind the Curtain,
Has been o'erheard, some say, for certain,
And is reported still to be
The Fox's old Soliloquy.
*So Stewards who have easy Lords,*
*By Coz'nage pile up wealthy Hoards,*
*And as their Masters grow more poor,*
*The trusty Knaves encrease their Store,*
*And at high Int'rest often lend 'em*
*Their own, pretending to befriend 'em,*
*And mak'em think, to hide their knav'ry*
*'Tis borrow'd with much pains and slav'ry.*
A third who by the King's good Grace,
Is big in Wealth, and high in Place,

A trusty Friend, whose silver Tongue,
Determines well 'twixt Right and Wrong
And to his own Immortal Glory,
Has all the Arts of Oratory,
Can argue, when he pleases, wisely,
And cut a Wheedle too as nicely;
Delude the House with such fine fetches,
And coax the Commons with such Speeches,
That none were ever better able,
In Senate or at Council Table,
To do good Service to his Prince,
In any Case of Exigence;
Yet he, as cunning as the rest,
Knows how to feather his own Nest:
For 'tis with him, like Priest in Cloister,
No Money, C——e, no *Paternoster.*
Nor would the prudent Sage embrace
The favour of so high a Place,
Without

Without Four thousand Pounds *per an.*
In Case upon some State *Arcanum*,
He should be turn'd from Council-Table,
And from his Post, as one not able
To please our mighty Lords the Rable
A Bargain wise, we must allow,
In Times precarious, as they're now;
For who would trust such Kings as those
Who starve their Friends to feast their Foes;
And kiss away that Wealth that's meant
To serve the Ends of Government,
And to reward those faithful few,
That are both wise as well as true.
Who would, I say, with Life and Fortune
Serve such a Prince behind the Curtain,
Who oft, to please the Rabble Rout,
Must turn his best Advisers out,
And to his hazard, in their steads,
Be forc'd to lean on rotten Reeds,

With-

Without they were at first secure
Of something if disrob'd of Pow'r,
And from the Court with shame remov'd
Because by Faction disapprov'd.
'Tis therefore, mighty C——s, we fear,
Thou'rt forc'd to buy thy Friends so dear,
Because they're certain, if they shou'd
Once trust to thy old Gratitude,
When they thy turn have truly serv'd,
That then they may be hang'd or starv'd
For the same Reason wanton Sluts,
That earn their Livings by their Scuts
Are all importunate to count
Their Money e'er their Riders mount;
Nor couldst thyself, O C——s, e'er vent
Thy L—— before a Settlement;
Which shews, altho' our S——gn L—d,
Thy very W—— wont take thy Word.

*So he that for his own hye Ends*
*Imploys, and then deceives his Friends,*
*If e'er he wants their fresh Endeavours,*
*Must purchase thro' the Nose their Fa-*
*(vours.*

Next these a Duke of mighty Fame,
So known I need not tell his Name;
His own Extravagance and Folly
Shews now his boasted Wit but dully.
Once he was highly in esteem,
And glitter'd next the Diadem,
Had all Preferments in his Power,
And did above his Rivals tour,
Was thought to have a subtil Pate,
Turn'd rightly for Intrigues of State,
And was suppos'd exactly wise
In all Monarchick Mysteries;
Besides th' Inspection he had made
In e'ery Art and e'ery Trade,

That

That his deep Judgment might out-
(pierce all,
And make his Knowledge Universal:
In Poetry he was, alas,
Competitor with *Hudibras.*
And as for the Dramatick Stage,
He's still the Mirrour of the Age,
And has a knack of Ridiculing,
That out does any other fooling.

In Chymick Arts he's such a dabster,
He'll draw a Philter from a Lobster,
That if 'tis given to a Lady,
Who has before refus'd to Bed ye, (her
In one short Minute's Time 'twill make
As Lewd as any Kennel-Raker;
Besides, 'twill so restore a Crazy
Old Leacher, that's Decay'd and Lazy,
And give his Rudder of Affection,
So brisk a Juvenile Erection,

That

That the poor Thing shall be as live,
As e'er it was at Twenty-five,
*Probatum est*, for by Experience,
Himself and all his Lewd Adherents,
Know that the Secret, without harm,
Will all these wondrous Things perform:
Therefore whoever loves the Placket,
May, if they please, with Safety take it.

Musick he understands, as well
As any Ringer does a Bell;
Can judge of Trebles and their Bases,
Of Hoitboys, Fiddles, and their Cases,
As well as any Minstrel Brother,
That plays on either one or 'tother:
Nay, he himself has oft been seen,
And heard, to touch the Violin,
So finely 'twould have Charm'd a Lady,
Or any Milk-Maid, on a *May-Day*.

The

The Philoſophick Stone, His Grace
Has ſtudy'd many Nights and Days;
And, by the ſtrength of Fire and Bellows,
Had found it once, ſome People tell us,
But that, for want of Skill or Care,
The Wonder vaniſh'd into Air:
Some ſay it was of burning Gold,
And therefore prov'd too hot to hold,
That droping from his Hand it broke,
And b'ing too brittle for the Stroke,
It flew away in Fire and Smoke.

Or elſe he would have bleſs'd the Na-
(tion
With the ſtrange Art of Tranſmutation;
Taught us to've metamorphos'd Mettles,
And into Gold turn'd Brazen Kettles,
Which would have ſure ſurpriz'd us
(more,
Than *Bacon*'s Head had done before.

But this great Project, like the rest,
(Tho' Pity 'twas) became a Jest,
And all the Secrets that the Bubble
Found out, to recompense his Trouble,
Instead of turning Lead or Brass,
To Gold, that would for Standard pass,
Was to change Mettles to his Loss,
And bring his Gold to worthless Dross;
The only costly gen'rous Art,
At which himself is most expert.
*So freakish melancholy Wretches,*
*When Poor, will dig in Fields and Ditches,*
*Big with Conceit, that under Ground*
*Some hidden Treasure my be found,*
*Till weary of their Pains, and then*
*Sit down with Loss, instead of Gain,*
*And scratch to think they've dug in vain.*

His

His Wiſdom too the World may ſee,
I'th' Government of's Family;
Who, for Good Orders and Decorum,
Surely admit of none before 'em.
Wages his Servants ne'er regard,
It is enough to ſerve My Lord;
They never aſk His Grace a Peny,
Nor does he care to pay 'em any;
Their Sal'ries never drain his Coffers,
They ſeldom Pray, he ſeldom Proffers:
So that they're both ſo open-hearted,
'Tis Pity they ſhould e'er be parted;
Yet all that live beneath his Wing,
Grow Rich, as if they ſerv'd a King:
Whilſt his wife Grace, by wondrous ways
Grows poor, altho' he never pays;
A paradox well worth our notice,
Tho' true *in verbum Sacerdotis*:

But, after all, what Riddle's in it,
May be expounded in a Minute; (him,
For would he pay they'd ſcorn to cheat
But ſince he don't, they all outwit him;
Or he'd not have ſuch need to wait on
That City-Fox, Sir *Robert Clayton*.
But he whoſe wants Aſſiſtance crave,
Muſt be a Fool to ſome Rich Knave.

Beſides theſe many wondrous things,
For which his Fame thro' *England* rings,
His Comely Perſon and his Parts,
Commands all Am'rous Ladies Hearts;
Nor does he fear to hazard Life,
To kill the Cuckold, for his Wife;
For he's as true a Son of *Mars*,
As ever yet drew Sword or ——.
Nor can old K—— for his Pleaſure,
Keep one fine Tit, to mount at leiſure,

But he will find ſome way or other,
To be his Sov'reign's Sterling Brother,
And to command the very Thing,
Belov'd ſo dearly of the K--g:
That not the ſacred Lips or Belly,
Of *C*———*d* down to Little *Nelly*,
Can keep his merry Grace from ſtealing,
By hook or crook, a fellow-feeling;
For, ſtill regardleſs of the T——,
He often gives a Butter'd-Bun,
To the kind C--ll that ſits thereon;
And does, by theſe Intrigues, diſcover
The Secrets of the R---l Lover,
And makes the treach'rous Jilts diſcloſe
Whate'er had paſs'd beneath the Roſe.
*So the Gay Spark that can invade,*
*His hen-peck'd Neighbour's nuptial Bed,*
*As oft as at the Game he plays,*
*Knows all the Huſband does or ſays;*

*By which, and by the Wife's direction,*
*He keeps the Cuckold in subjection.*
This Practise made old *R*—— puff,
And turn his Grace in dudgeon off:
Who, much disgusted, now sets up
To be the Faction's only prop;
Hoping, as most believe, in vain,
To please the Blockheads and regain,
By rich rebellious City Slaves,
What he has lost by Fools and Knaves.
In this Condition shall we leave him,
That they fair words at first may give him,
At last the better to deceive him.
*For he that does good Friends despise,*
*And hopes by worthless Rogues to rise,*
*Is like a crippled old Debauch*
*Who flings away a trusty Crutch,*
*To lean upon a feeble Reed,*
*Too weak to serve him in his need.*

Ano-

Another Duke, the sp------ Son
Of him that tamely Rules the T---- -,
The only darling of the Court,
From Prince to Punk of every sort;
The factious Bubble and the Tool
Of those that would usurp the Rule;
The Dancing, Fencing, Riding Bauble,
That Bows and Cringes to the Rabble;
The brainless, fawning, pritty Thing,
That hopes e're long to be a King;
Enters the Lift among the rest,
With his Star shining at his Breast,
And none but crafty Knaves about him,
Who, tho' they court him, yet they flout him,
Gay as a Peacock at a Ball,
*Tres humble Serviteur* to all;
A busy Fop among the Ladies,
To shew 'em what an am'rous Blade he's-

Forward to fight, in Battle warm,
Altho, poor Thing, he means no harm,
Except it is to his own Father,
Or to his Popish U---le rather;
Ready in all things to oppose
His Country's Friends, instead of Foes,
The only Idol of the Town,
That struts and rattles up and down,
That all the factious Fools, who hope It
Will one day Reign, may view the Puppit
That they may fill his empty Grace
With noisy Shouts and loud Huzzas,
And make him use his worst Endeavours
T'abuse his K---, the best of Fathers,
In hopes he may, by Usurpation,
In time, reign Tyrant o'er the Nation.
But, O remember *J-----y Sc--t*,
Thy Arms have such a Bastard Blot,

That

That many think thou may'st as soon
Expect a Scaffold as a Crown;
For he that is so vainly proud
O'th' Flatt'ries of a Factious Crowd,
Of Ruin very seldom fails,
When Fortune turns the tickliſh Scales.
Then shake off the Rebellious Crew,
Or else prepare to have thy due;
For tho' thou hast been twice forgiven,
Thou still retain'st the ancient Leven:
But *Jemmy Frog* beware the *Stork*,
Thy F----r has a Brother *Y--k*.

Another Factious grave Belweather,
Whose Tongu's the Devil's B----Leather.
The plague and teazer of the Court,
Whose chief delight's in doing hurt,
The Head of all the Factious Clan,
By whom our Feuds were first began;

The City's God, the Rabbles Leader,
A Lord, a Rebel, and a Trader,
Who keeps his Changes and Cabals,
At publick Halls and Festivals;
An old rebellious canting Wizard,
Who loves the Rump with all his Gizard
Hells Journyman, our Plot Projector,
The Rebels Patriot and Protector,
So loose no Royal Smiles can win him,
So base, the very Devil's in him;
The sower of seditious Seeds,
The Planter of rebellious Weeds,
The quintessence of all that's naught,
And yet too cunning to be caught;
The subtle Baffler of the Laws,
The Bulwark of the Good-Old-Cause,
The fatal Firebrand of the Nation,
The Spring of all Abomination,

The

The *Cacafugo* of the Age,
The *Samford* of the Publick Stage,
The broacher of deſtructive Schiſm,
The very Tap of Deviliſm,
Thro' which all ſorts of Treaſons flow,
That with his Droplick Humours grow,
Yet once was great in the Eſteem
Of him that wears the Diadem;
But ſtill when high in Pow'r and Place
The Stateſman did the Judge diſgrace
And ſhew his Nature to be baſe.

*Thus Factious Foes, whom Kings endeavour*
*So oft to win by Royal Favour,*
*Tho' Honours make them leſs ſevere,*
*Yet ſtill the Rebel will appear.*

To ballance this Contentious Mortal,
Of foul Diſtempers full, tho' Hearthole,

A *Scot* whose Noddle may as big be,
As that fam'd Knight's Sir *Kelum Digby*,
And has as muckle Cunning in it,
As any Lad that wears a Bonnet,
Is held in favour of the Crown,
To bear the rising Faction down;
Tho' many more, we must agree,
Are in the Scale as well as he;
But in the subtile Arts of State
He truly bears the greatest weight,
And is the fittest Man of Action,
To frustrate the Intrigues of Faction,
Altho' his blubber Face is such
A Phiz that does not promise much,
Yet he has cunning to untivel
The very Mysteries of the Devil,
And knows as well to Countermine
A Plot, or trayterous Design,

As

As if he had below been bred,
Where hellish Treasons first are laid;
'Twas he that did advise his Liege,
To send his Son to *Boswel-Bridge*,
That by destroying his own Friends,
His Uncle *Y*---- might gain his Ends,
And in his Progress win that Favour
His Nephew lost by's rash Behaviour.
'Tis he that chiefly undermines
And blows up all the Whigs Designs,
And by one Stratagem or other,
Secures old *R*---- and his Brother;
In ev'ry Exigence does shew
He's no true *Scot*, but *Scot* that's true;
Just to the Int'rest of the Throne,
United wisely with his own,
As faithful to his Popish Friend,
Whose safety is the chiefest End
To which his secret Counsels tend.

*O* Scotland! *had thy Sons been all*
*Like him, you'd ſtop'd th' unhappy fall*
*Of* Charles, *whoſe Blood will ever be*
*A witneſs of thy Treachery.*

Among the reſt there is a Peer,
Whoſe pointed Wit the Courtiers fear;
For tho' himſelf more open lies
Than thoſe he loves to ſcandalize,
Yet for her Theme his wanton Muſe
Does always ſpiteful Satyr chuſe.—
(*So among Lady Punks, the worſt*
*Will always cry out Whore the firſt.*)
No kind Amour can paſs at Court,
Or Love Intrigue of any ſort,
But ſtill his Muſe muſt tell what ſporting
Has been of late behind the Curtain,
As if ſhe ſtood a Pimp to all
That cool'd their Leach'ry at *Whitehal.*

Nor

Nor can old *R*----- lay aside
Affairs of State and Kingly Pride,
To drink a merry Glass, to drown
The Cares that wait upon a Crown;
Or can he steal one happy Night,
To pass away in Love's Delight,
With Madam *N*--y or his Dutchess,
To come the sooner to his Crutches,
By tiring Age with his Debauches,
But presently some witty Flirt
Must sing aloud the M------s Sport,
That all the factious Town must know
The Secret, where, with whom, and how;
As if His Lordship had a Patent,
To Publish all that should be latent;
And that no other Bard was free
To deal in Bawdy Wit, but he:
Yet, tho' his Poems are so lustheous,
That all the Modest think 'em nauseous,

They

They steal, with Godly Books of Pray'r,
Into the Closets of the Fair,
And oft are made unseemly Neighbours
To Rev'rend *Baxter*'s Pious Labours,
And by the Godly Dame selected
From Sermons, not so much respected;
Hug'd by the bye, and valu'd more,
Than all she ever read before.
For Ladies, tho' on Damask Cusheon,
They sham their Maids with their De-
votion,
And kneel at Church, on Mat or Hassock,
To honour Holy Gown and Cassock,
Yet, by themselves, they never fail,
To dearly love a Bawdy Tale;
Or will they want a Friend to show 'em,
Each fulsome Book or smutty Poem;
Especially if well assur'd,
'Tis the blunt Offspring of My Lord,

Who

Who always takes the Liberty,
Not to spell *Sunt*, with S, but C.
*So those who wear the Holy Robes,*
*That rail so much at Father* Hobs,
*Because he's so expos'd of late,*
*The Nakedness of Church and State,*
*Yet, tho' they do his Books condemn,*
*They love to buy and read the same.*

All have an Itch, from High to Low,
Of knowing what we should not know.
This Noble Peer, so fam'd for writing
Satyrs, so Bawdy and so Biting,
Who for lampooning Church and Crown,
Usurps the Bays from all the Town,
May boast himself, we must allow it,
Lord, Atheist, Mountebank and Poet,
Rake, Coward, Libertine, but yet
A Man of Learning and of Wit;

Who

Who, to provoke the vicious Age,
To an insatiate Lustful Rage,
Expends more time, and takes more pains
In his licentious tickling Strains,
With am'rous Fires to lewdly warm us,
Than all the Prelates to Reform us:
And, that the World may know the better
From Mettle fals his Standard Metor,
He stamps his own Poetick Coin,
With P, or C, in ev'ry Line;
And if those taking Marks you miss,
You may be sure it is not his;
For, when he handles Pen and Ink,
His lustfull Rhimes would make us think
They sprang not from Imagination,
But, in the height of lustful Passion,
Were got by carnal Copulation.

Such

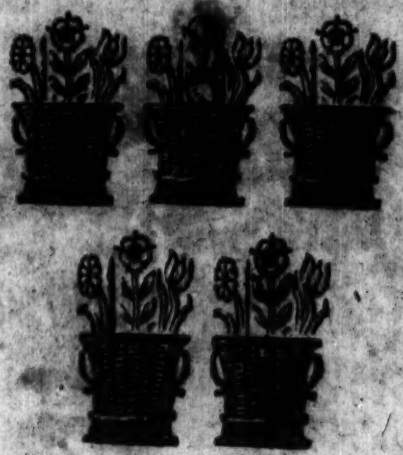
Such are the Ladies, such the Lords,
That merry C——s alone regards;
So Tame a P——e, so L——d a Court,
Whose Vices are each others Sport;
Cuckolds so Cow'rdly and so base,
Lascivious Wives so void of Grace;
Rebels so daring and so bold,
Cullies so foolish, tho' so old;
Knaves so successful and secure,
Merit so slighted and so poor;
A factious undermining Crew,
So Pious and Rebellious too;
Such Stars could surely never shine,
O C——s! round any T——e but Thine:
Thy great example prompts each Spouse
To make a Jest of Marriage-Vows;
Encourages each Beauteous Dame
To Sin, without the fear of Shame;

Makes

Makes all Thy P---s turn Keeping C----s,
To imitate Thy P-----ly Follies.
Go on, Good C-----s, that we, in time,
May ſee Adultery deem'd no Crime,
And Marriage ceaſe, thro'out the Nation,
To be a Lawful Obligation.
For who can blame us, if we ſtray,
Since R---l G——ſs leads the way.

# A PROPOSAL Humbly offered for the FARMING *Liberty of Conſcience.*

Written in the Year 1663. By *Samuel Butler*, Author of *Hudibraſs.*



*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year 1714.

# *A Propoſal for the Farming* Liberty of Conſcience.

SINCE nothing can be dearer unto poor Chriſtians than *Liberty*, of the free exerciſe of their *Judgments* and *Conſciences*, the purſuit of which Happineſs hath kindled that fire in the Bowels of the three Kingdoms, which all the precious Blood that hath been ſhed, during the late Troubles, hath not been able totally to extinguiſh: And ſince many of *Us*, whoſe Names are affixed, were ſo profitably inſtrumental in thoſe late Combuſtions, as

appears

appears all along in our *Sermons* before the Honourable House of Parliament, in the Years 1642, 43, 44, 45, 46. in exciting the good People of this Nation, to seek and maintain their *Christian Liberty*, against all *Prelatical* and *Antichristian Imposition* whatsoever. And considering that the Little Finger of Apostasie from our first Love, would be a greater Burden upon our *Tender Consciences*, than the Loyns of Episcopacy. We being more bound in Honour than *Conscience*, cannot totally desist; neither need any Man fear or so much as suspect, lest any Inconvenience or Alteration should happen in Religion, by the great diversity of Opinions, Tongues, and Languages, tolerated among us, unless in the great *Babel* of *Episcopacy*, that may possibly be pulled down and destroyed by this our *notable Confusion*; for, if the Gospel was wonderfully spread abroad by every Mans speaking in his own Language, and the very Enemies thereof astonished, and miraculously wrought into a Belief of it; how it is likely to be now obstructed in the free

exercise

exercise of our *Spiritual Gifts*, with these our *cloven* and *divided* Tongues. And since many worthy Persons, from whom we might little expect it, but far less deserve it, out of their Goodness and Clemency, are pleased to encline to some *Liberty*, did not some Persons, Aliens and Strangers to the *Commonwealth* of *Israel*, take up a Reproach against us, as Persons reprobated into an unpossibility of submission to Principles of *Concord, Peace, and Order*, in Church or State, never being able hitherto to come to any Consistency amongst our selves; The Ark of God having for twenty Years together, been exposed to By-ways, Streets, and worse places, for want of an Agreement amongst our own Brethren where to rest it, or how to entertain it. If this be our Case, and could we be sure of so much Favour as *Saul* once desired of *Samuel*, that the Bishops would but *honour* us before the People, We would in a private Christian way, lay our hands upon our hearts, and acknowledge the hand of God, and the Justice thereof, in turning us out of his Vine-

yard, as wicked and *unprofitable Servants*, and to suffer the Iniquity of our Heels to overtake us; crying out with Reverend Mr. *Calamy*, *The Ark of God is justly departed from us*; but being not yet thus assured, do hope the People will yet believe these to be only Bears-skins lap'd about us by Episcopal Hands: And therefore, to the end that a *Consistency*, and *Oneness* of Judgment of the whole seperating Brethren, and their Moderation, may be known unto all Men, and that the World may know, that there is a Spirit of Rule and Government resting in us;

IT *is humbly proposed to the Sole Power of granting Licenses and Indulgences for* Liberty of Conscience, *within the Kingdom of* England, *Dominion of* Wales, *and Town of* Berwick, *may be vested in the Persons under-named, for the Term of seven Years, under the Farm Rent of an Hundred Thousand Pounds* per An. *to Commence from the twenty-fifth Day of* March *next, under such Rates and Qualifications as are hereafter specified.*

The

The Names of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*; proposed on Monday *March* 2. 1662. being the Day of a private Fast, kept by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others, at Mr. *Beal's* House, near My Lord of *Ely's* Chappel, in *Holbourn*.

Mr. *Edmund Calamy*.
Mr. *Tilham*, late of *Colchester*.
Mr. *Philip Nye*.
Mr. *Feak*.
Mr. *Stanley* of *Dorchester*.
*George Fox*, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of *James Nailor*, deceased.
Dr. *Lazarus Seaman*.
Mr. *Dell*, late of *Cambridge*.
Dr. *Owen*.
Mr. *Bryan*, late of *Coventry*.
Mr. *Matthew Mead*.
Mr. *John Goppin*.
Dr. *Manton*.
Mr. *Kiffen*.
The Executor of Mr. *Venner*, lately Executed.

Mr. *Thomas Case.*
Mr. *Reynor*, late of *Lincoln.*
Mr. *Ralph Venning.*
Mr. *Rogers.*
Mr. *Benn*, late of *Dorchester.*
Mr. *George Griffith*, late of *Charter-house.*
The Executor of *Hugh Peters*, lately Executed.
Mr. *George Newton*, late of *Taunton.*
Mr. *Dan. Dyke*, late of *Hertfordshire.*
Mr. *William Jenkins.*
Mr. *Fisher*, late of *Kent.*
Dr. *Thomas Goodwin.*
Mr. *Hammond*, late of *Newcastle.*
Mr. *Peter Sterry.*
Mr. *Bridges*, late of *Yarmouth.*
Mr. *Joseph Carryll.*
Mr. *Tombes*, late of *Lemster.*
Mr. *Leigh*, late of *Lombard-street.*
Mr. *Mayo*, late of *Kingston.*
Mr. *Joshua Sprigg.*
Mr. *Henry Jessey.*
Mr. *Newcomen* of *Dedham* in *Essex.*
Dr. *Tuckney* of *Cambridge*,
Dr. *Cornelius Burges.*
Mr. *Zachary Crofton.*
r. *Holmes.*

Mr.

Mr. *John Cann.*
Mr. *Thomas Brooks.*

That the Persons aforesaid may be constituted *Grand Commissioners*, and Farmers of *Liberty* of *Conscience*, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, and may be impowred to set up one publick Office within the City of *London*, and to nominate and elect a convenient number of Registers, Clerks, and other Officers: And for the more certainty of all *Certificates* to be granted as is hereafter appointed, the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers* may form a Common Seal to be known, and called by the common Name of *The Publick Seal of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*; engraven, *An Ass without Ears, Braying*, with this Motto encircled, *Stat pro ratione Libertas*: And the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or any twenty four of them in the said Office assembled, may, from time to time, compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any

Perſon or Perſons, under ſuch Rates and Qualifications, as are hereafter ſpecified.

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers, or any twenty four of them, may conſtitute and appoint, under the Publick Seal of the Office, Sub-Commiſſioners, and other Officers, for every County within the ſaid Kingdom, not exceeding the number of twelve, for each County, whereof ſeven to be a *Quorum*, who may compound and agree for *Liberty of Conſcience*, with any Perſon or Perſons, Select Congregations, Cities, Towns Corporate, Pariſhes, Hamlets, and Villages, by the Great, or otherwiſe, within their reſpective Countries, not exceeding the Rates hereafter mentioned.

*Rates to be observed in all Copositions for* Liberty of Conscience.

| | *Per Annum.* |
|---|---|
| A Presbyterian Minister. | 5 0 0 |
| A Ruling Elder. | 4 0 0 |
| A Deacon. | 3 0 0 |
| A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances. | 2 0 0 |
| A Common Hearer only. | 1 0 0 |
| An Independant Pastor. | 5 0 0 |
| A Teaching Elder. | 4 0 0 |
| A Helper in Government. | 3 0 0 |
| A Deacon. | 3 0 0 |
| A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances. | 2 0 0 |
| A common Hearer only. | 1 0 0 |
| A Baptist, admitted to the Administration of all Ordinances. | 5 0 0 |
| A Preaching Assistant. | 4 0 0 |
| An Elder in Office. | 3 0 0 |
| A Deacon. | 2 0 0 |
| A Hearer, in Fellowship, Male or Female, to all Ordinances. | 2 0 0 |
| A common Hearer only. | 1 0 0 |
| A Fifth Monarcher, admitted to hold forth. | 5 0 0 |

An Elder, under the ſame Adminiſtration. 3 0 0

A Deacon, under the ſame Adminiſtration. 3 0 0

A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowſhip, according to the value of his or her Eſtate, 2 s. *per* l. *per annum.*

A common Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowſhip, according to the value of his or her Eſtate, 12 d. *per* l. *per annum.*

A Speaking Male Quaker. 4 0 0

A Speaking Female Quaker. 3 0 0

A common Quak. Male or Female. 2 0 0

A Confeſſor. 6 0 0

A Seminary of Maſs-Prieſts at large. 5 0 0

A Private Maſs-Prieſt. 4 0 0

A Rom. Cath. in any other Order. 3 0 0

A Roman Catholick, not in Order, Male or Female. 1 0 0

An Officer under any Adminiſtration not mention'd in the Rates aforeſaid, being a Native of *England*, ſuch only excepted as ſtand Conformable to the Church of *England*. 5 0 0

A

A common Person under any Administration not mentioned in the Rates aforesaid, being a Native of *England*, such only excepted as stand Conformable to the Church of *England*. 2 0 0

An Officer, under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of *England*, except Conformable to the Church of *England*. 10 0 0

A private Person, under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of *England*, except Conformable to the Church of *England*. 5 0 0

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*Rates to be observed, in Compounding for* Liberty of Conscience, *in the Particulars following*, viz.

For Liberty to assert the Pope's Supremacy. 10 0 0

For Liberty to Write, Speak, or Preach against the Government, as they shall be inwardly moved. 5 0 0

For Liberty to keep on their Hats before Magistrates, or in Courts of Judicature. 2 0 0

For Liberty to rail publickly against the Bishops and Common-Prayer. 1 0 0

For Liberty to refuse all manner of Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, or in Cases Civil or Criminal. 2 0 0

For Liberty to deny Tythes, and other Church-Duties. 1 0 0

For Liberty to expound the *Revelations*, and the Book of *Daniel*. 1 0 0

For Liberty to disturb any Congregation after Sermon. 0 10 0

For Liberty to assert the Solemn League and Covenant. 1 5 0

For Liberty to instruct Youth in the short Catechism, set forth by the Assembly of Divines. 0 10 0

That any Person or Persons, gifted for any the Particulars aboveſaid, may have Liberty therein, either as an *Itinerate*, in Private or Publick, at the Rates aboveſaid.

That

That no Person or Persons be admitted to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*, until he, or they, have first taken, and subscribed to the solemn Protestation following, before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or their Sub-Commissioners respectively.

I A. B. Do here solemnly protest, That I judge my self still bound by the solemn League and Covenant, by the Engagement, by private Church-Covenant, or by any other Oath which I have taken ever since the Year 1641. And that, so far as with safety to my Person and Estate I may, I will endeavour the utter Extirpation of Episcopacy; and, to the utmost of my Power, will abett and promote all Schism, Faction and Discord, both in Church and State, according to the best form and manner, prescribed and laid open in the Sermons of many of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers, before the Parliament, appointed to be Printed, and now called, The Homilies of the Separated

rated Churches. And that I will never, by what Conviction of Authority soever, whether Legal or Episcopal, ever consent to the Establish'd Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England.

And I do likewise believe, That Liberty of Conscience was a mysterious, yet profitable Talent, committed to the Churches, and that it may be lawfully Farmed out for Advantage and Improvement.

That no Person, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, or Town of *Berwick*, may, from, and after the twenty fifth Day of *March* next, use or exercise any manner of *Liberty of Conscience*, except Persons standing conformable to the Church of *England*; until such Person or Persons shall first take the Solemn Protestation, and shall Compound with the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, for *Liberty of Conscience*, nor shall he be admitted or permitted to be a *Speaker* or *Hearer*, in any Meeting or Assemblies whatsoever.

That

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*, may have Power to conſtitute, under the Publick Seal of the ſaid Office, a convenient number of *Spiritual Gagers*, who may have and exerciſe all ſuch Powers, Privileges and Authorities, as the *Gagers* for Exciſe of Beer and Ale have, or ought to have and enjoy, and may, at any time, in caſe of Suſpicion, enter into any Houſe or Place, Publick or Private, to *Gage* and *try the Spirits* and *Affections* of any Perſon or Perſons; and by *Praying*, *Preaching*, or other good *Exhortation*, diſſuade from *Epiſcopacy*, and the *Common-Prayer*, the better to fit and prepare them to Compound for *Liberty of Conſcience*.

That the ſaid *Grand Commiſſioners* and *Farmers* of *Liberty of Conſcience*, may have Power to Fine any Perſon or Perſons, (not exceeding the Sum of Twenty Pounds for every Offence) who ſhall, after Compoſition for *Liberty of Conſcience*, and ſubſcribing the *Solemn Proteſtation*, be preſent in any Church or Chappel, within the King-

dom

dom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, in the time of any part of Divine Service, *unleſs at the Funeral of his Father*, or ſome other like Occaſion, he ſhall either reſpond, be uncovered, or carry himſelf reverently in the Time of Divine Service aforeſaid.

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*, or any twenty four of them, aſſembled at the Office aforeſaid, may have and exercife a *Juriſdiction of Appeal*, in all Matters relating to *Liberty of Conſcience*, within the ſaid Kingdom of *England*, and ſhall have a concluſive Power, in all Matters brought before them, by way of Appeal as aforeſaid.

That for the better Management of all ſuch Matters as ſhall be brought judicially before the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*, by way of Appeal, the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers ſhall have Power to conſtitute and appoint Mr. *Oliver St. Johns*, and ſuch others as they judge fit for their ſaid Service, to be of Standing-Council with.

with the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers: And the said Mr *Oliver St. Johns*, being so constituted and appointed under the publick Seal of the said Office, shall, and may be exempted and discharged from being in any Publick Office, or Place of Trust or Profit, for the said Term of seven Years, any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any Person or Persons shall happen to be Proceeded against, in any of the *Ecclesiastical Courts* of the Bishops of this Kingdom, for *Contumacy*, for *Non-Conformity*, for *Non-payment of Tythes*, and other Church-Duties, for *publick Railing against the Bishops*, the *Common-Prayer*, or the *Government of the Church of England*, or shall speak *Opprobriously* or *Scandalously* against the *Doctrine* or *Discipline* thereof, as *Antichristian*, or shall maintain any Positions or Doctrines contrary thereunto; every such Person producing a Certificate from the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers under the publick Seal of the said Office, that such Person or Persons are

under

under Compoſition for *Liberty of Conſcience*, ſhall actually be diſcharged, and all farther Proceedings ſtayed; any thing to the contrary notwithſtanding.

That if any Perſons ſhall happen to be Indicted, or criminally Proceeded againſt, in any of His Majeſty's Courts at *Weſtminſter*, or elſewhere, within the Kingdom of *England*, either for *Treaſonable Speeches*, or *Practices*, for publick *railing* at the Government, or for *Scandalous Words* againſt either or both Houſes of Parliament, or for tranſgreſſing any of the penal Laws and Statutes of this Kingdom, Every ſuch Perſon or Perſons, producing a Certificate from the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers, under the publick Seal of the ſaid Office, that ſuch Perſon or Perſons are under Compoſition for *Liberty of Conſcience*; and that ſuch Words or Practices were not ſpoken or acted *malitioſe*, but were only the natural and proper Effects and Product of *Liberty of Conſcience*, ſhall be diſcharged, and all further Pro-

Proceedings ſtayed; any thing to the contrary notwithſtanding.

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*, may have Power from time to time, to Ordain *Paſtors*, *Elders*, and *Deacons*, or any other Officers, under any Adminiſtration whatſoever, by the laying on of the Publick Seal of the Office: Which ſaid Impoſition of the ſaid Publick Seal being received with a Certificate, ſhall be as Lawful an Ordination, as if every ſuch Perſon had received Impoſition from the Hands of the *Preſbytery*; any late Uſage or Cuſtom to the contrary notwithſtanding.

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers may have Power, from time to time, to ſet apart Days of publick Faſtings, and Humiliation, and Thankſgiving; on which Days it may be lawful for any Perſon or Perſons appointed, to Officiate before the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers, to ſtir up the People to a Holy Indignation againſt themſelves, for having, by their want of Zeal and Brotherly

Kind-

Kindness one towards another, lost many *Precious Enjayments*; and above all, the never-to-be-forgotten Loss of the late *Power* and *Dominion*, which with the Expence of so much *Blood* and *Rapine*, was put into the Hands of the Saints. And to take up for a Lamentation, and great Thoughts of Heart, the Divisions of *Reuben*, that having our Sacks full, such an Evil Spirit should be found in the midst of us, as to fall out by the way; might it have been with those that abode by the Stuff, as with those that went out to the Battle, it had not been with us as at this Day. Some starting aside, like a broken Bow, in the Year 48, others continue to bear the Burden and Heat of the Day until 60, being harness'd, did then turn their Backs in the Day of Battle: As was most sweetly handled at the Fast kept Yesterday, at Mr. *Beal's*, by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others.

That the twentieth Day of *April* next, commonly called *Easter Monday*, be kept as a Day of Solemn Fasting and Humiliation, for a Blessing upon

these

these *Gospel-Undertakings*; and that Mr. *Edmund Calamy*, Mr. *Peter Sterry*, Doctor *Lazarus Seaman*, and Mr. *Feake*, be desired to carry on the Work of the Day in Prayer and Preaching, before the said Grand Farmers; and that the Particulars following be recommended to their Consideration in the work of the Day.

1. To Bewail,
   1. *All our Court Sins.*
   2. *Our Bishops Sins.*
   3. *Our Monks Sins.*
   4. *Our Common Prayer Sins.*

2. To Divert,
   1. *Westminster-Hall Judgments.*
   2. *Our Old-Baily Judgments.*
   3. *Our Tower-Hill Judgments.*
   4. *Our Charing-Cross Judgments.*
   5. *Our Tyburn Judgments.*

Last-

Lastly, For Deliverance from the Hand of *Dan*, that uncircumcised Philistine.

That the said Grand Commissioners, and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to build Churches and Chappels in any Place or Places, except upon such Ground where Churches or Chappels do already stand, in regard of the Inconvenience of setting up *Altar* against *Altar*: And forasmuch as the Custom of reading some part of the Holy Bible before Sermon, commonly called First and Second Lessons, hath been found Fruitless, That therefore the said *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, may have Power to appoint instead thereof, the *Annual* reading of those *Sermons* Preached by many of the said *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, before the *Parliament*, upon Special Occasions of Thanksgiving and Humiliation, from the Year 1641, to the Year 1648. Which said *Sermons* may be called, *The Homilies of the Separating Churches.*

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers may have Power to require

quire Mr. *Gilbert Millington*, and Mr. *Duke Robinson*, the lame Evangelist, to deliver up all such Articles, Orders, Books, Papers, and other Writings, as were transacted before the late Committee for Plundered Ministers; and likewise, all such as were passed and transacted before Mr. *Philip Ney*, and some others of the new *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, and heretofore called, *Commissioners*, or, *Spiritual Tryers*, to the end the said Articles, Orders, Books, and other Papers, may be Printed and Published, and may be kept at the said Office upon Record for ever, and appointed to be the Book of *Canons* of the Separated Churches.

All this being done, we may upon *Scripture Grounds* expect, that the Door of Hope may yet be open to Us, and our Children after us, to see the Travail of our Souls, and to set us into the Promised Land, and to reap some of those Clusters of the Grapes of *Canaan*, which, with so much Labour and Toil of Body and Mind, were planted, especially in the Years

of

of 1641, 42, 43, 44, 45, by many of Us, and other *Precious* Saints and Ministers of the Gospel, who are since fallen asleep, and have, we hope, reaped the Fruits of those Labours, the Lord having in that Day put a mighty Spirit into Us, and set us as Watchmen upon the Towers of *Israel*, to cry mightily, *Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly.* Grant that those *Heart-breaking Labours* of Ours, those *King-destroying Labours*, those *Kingdom-ruining Labours*, those *Gospel-scandalizing Labours*, those *Church-subverting Labours*, those *Soul-confounding Labours* of Ours may never be forgotten, but may be written, as with the point of a Diamond, upon the Heart of the *King*, upon the Hearts of the *Bishops*, upon the Heart of the *Parliament*, and upon the Hearts of all the *People*, from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, that so in God's good time, we may receive our Reward Seven-fold into our own Bosoms, and that the Generations to come, may hear and fear, and do no more so wickedly. So prays,

*S. Butler.*

*The*

## The Round-Heads *Resolution.*

WHereas we are, thro' our great *Ignorance* and *Obstinacy* grown to a most *Seditious* and *Malignant Head*, and the Horns of that Head (tho' of a main length) not able to support our *Arrogant Faction*, as appears by our last being soundly slash'd and bastinado'd, by a mad Crew called the *Cavaliers*; and whereas a great part of *Us* have shut up our Shops, because we could no longer keep them open; which kind of shutting up, proceedeth commonly from our vast Expence in *White-broaths*, *Custards*, and other *Luxurious Dishes*, provided for the Edification one of another. And whereas the Multitude called, *True Protestants*, endeavour to hold up Bishops, to maintain good Order, Discipline, and Orthodox Preaching in the *Church*; *Learning* and *Arts* in the *Universities*, and *Peace* in the *Commonwealth*; all which is nothing but *Idolatry*, *Superstition*, *Profaneness*, and *plain Popery*: And further, where-

as

as we (who are nothing properly but *Round-Heads* and *Fanaticks*) are in most scandalous manner termed *Holy Brethren*, the *Zealots of the Land*, and which in sincerity we never were, or ever will be.

And forasmuch likewise as the prophane World of *True Protestants*, are a stiff-necked Generation, and will not yield unto *Us* the Preheminence of *Doctrine* and *Religion*, notwithstanding the many Senceless Two Hours of those *Spiritual Trumpets* of *Our* Faction, the Sanctified *Clergy Lecturers*, or of *Our* more Divine Lectures of our Supreme *She-Lecturers*, whose Bowels do even earne for the getting in of the Saints unto *Us*, and have, as it were, even a zealous lusting after *Us*.

And forasmuch as the *Religion* professed by *Us*, is the purest and most decent, as appears by the great Love and Community betwixt the Brethren and the Sisters, the Conveniency of the *Woods*, *Saw-pits*, and *Dark Places*, the putting out *Lights*, and defying those *Tapers of Iniquity*, which cause us to behold our own *Wicked Deeds*, the

the goodly bigneſs of the *Ear*, with the ſhortneſs of the *Hair*, which hindereth not the Sound of the Shepherds Voice, but eaſily heareth them call to a great Feaſt, amongſt the Rich Saints; the length and ſharpneſs of the *Noſe*, which not only ſmelleth the ſweet Savours of the Holy *Plumb-broth*, but alſo promiſeth an eager Appetite to ſome good Work towards the *Younger Siſters*; the roundneſs of the *Band*, the length of the Doublet, and the ſhortneſs of the *Breeches*, being a Habit correſpondent to the Pictures of the Apoſtles in the *Geneva* Print; the mightineſs of our *Faith*, which is able to remove a Church into a Wood; the tranſparency of our *Charity*, that is ſo inviſible, that neither the Right Hand nor the Left ever knew it; the Multitude of our *Good Works* which no Man living can number, the Godly Works of our tautological Prayers, and the Zeal thereof, which brings us even to Divine Conſumption, whereby we look like the Prodigal Son at his return home, or the Prieſts in the Arras; the defying of all Fathers, Biſhops,

and Doctors, Conformable Persons, Canonical Robes, Ecclesiastical Gestures, and Utensils, all Learning, Liberal Arts and Degrees, as the Rags of Superstition, the Dregs of Popery, are abominable in the goggle Eyes of a right *Round-head*; and yet this *simple Innocent* Profession is scorned and baffled, and by whom, but by *Scholars*, and such as profess Learning? which is no more necessary to Religion, than a Publick Church (which verily) is but a Den of Thieves when we are absent.

All which Grievances do stand with much reason, and therefore are utterly against our *tender Consciences*, and never were allowed by any Synod of *Moor-fields* or *Westminster*.

That therefore which we do now resolve to maintain, and desire to have confirmed, and never to be alter'd (till some new Toy tickle us in the *Pericranium*, which will be very shortly) is,

1. That our Religion, Tenants, and Mannors, before-mentioned, be established and maintained against all *Rea-*

*son*

*ſon, Learning Divinity, Order, Diſcipline, Morality, Piety,* or *Humanity* whatſoever.

2. That the very Name of *Biſhops*, ſhall be a ſufficient *Jury* and *Judge*, to Condemn any of them, without any further Evidence or Circumſtance.

3. That if any Man whatſoever, having knowledge in the *Latin Tongue* (being a Popiſh Language) ſhall preſume to think he can ſave a Soul by Preaching, he ſhall be *Excommunicated* both in this World and in the World to come; unleſs it be ſome certain *Lecturers*, of whoſe approved *Railing* and *Ignorance*, we are well aſſured, and have known to ſtand *ſix Hours* on a Faſting Day.

4. That the *Felt-maker* and the *Cobler*, two innocent *Cuckolds* may be inſtituted *Primates* and *Metropolitans* of the two *Arch-Provinces*, and the reſt of the *Sect* preſerved, according to their Imbecilities of Spirit, to ſuch *Biſhopricks* and other Livings, as will competently ſerve to procure fat Poultry, for the filling of their inſatiate Stomachs, in which regard,

Church-Livings had more need to be increaſed, than diminiſhed.

5. That no man whatſoever, who bears the Name of *Cavalier*, may be capable of making any of the Brethren a *Cuckold*, unleſs he cut his Hair, and alter his Profeſſion; but be excluded from the *Conventicles*, as the King's Friend, and a Reprobate.

6. Laſtly, That there be two whole Days ſet apart to Faſt and Pray for the Confuſion of all that are not thus reſolved.

## A Caveat to the Round-Heads.

I Come to charge ye
That slight the Clergy,
And pull the Mitre from the Prelate's Head,
That you will be wary,
Lest you miscarry,
In all these factious humours you have bred;
But as for Brownists we'll have none,
But take them all and hang them one by one.

Your wicked Actions,
Join'd in Factions,
Are all but aims to rob the King of his due;
Then give this Reason
For your Treason,
That you'll be rul'd, if he'll be rul'd by you;
Then leave these Factions, zealous Brother,
Least you be hanged one against another.

*Your Wit abounded,*
*Gentle* Round-Head,
*When you abus'd the Bishops in a Ditty,*
*When as you* Sanged,
*You must be Hanged,*
*A Timpany of Malice made you witty,*
*And, tho' your hot Zeal made you bold,*
*When you are hang'd,* your Arse will be (a cold.

*Then leave confounding,*
*And expounding*
*The Doctrine that you preach in* Tubs,
*You raise this Warring,*
*And private Jarring,* (*Clubs.*
*I doubt, in time, will prove the Knave of*
*It's for your Lying, and not for your* (*Oaths,*
*You shall be hang'd, and* Ketch *shall have* (*your* Cloaths.

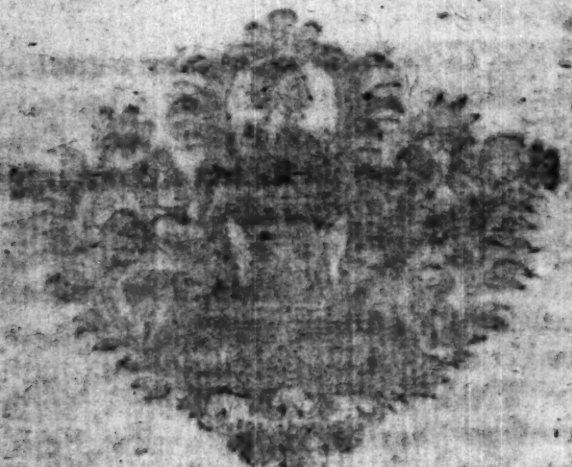
THE

# THE ASSEMBLY-MAN.

Written by
Sir JOHN BIRKENHEAD,
In the Year 1647.

*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year 1714.

BRITISH MUSEUM



# The Assembly-Man.

AN *Assembler* is part of the *States* Chattels: nor *Priest*, nor *Burgess*, but a *Participle*, that sharks upon both. He was chosen, as Sir *Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his Profession: not by the Votes of a Whole Diocese, but by one Whole Parliament-Man. He has Sate four Years, *towards* a new Religion, but in the Interim left none at all: As his Masters, the *Commons*, had a long Debate, *whether Candles or no Candles*, but all the mean while they

ſate ſtill in the Dark: And therefore when the Moon quits her old Light, and has acquir'd no new, Aſtronomers ſay ſhe is in her *Synodes*; ſhew me ſuch a Picture of *Judas* as the *Aſſembler*, (a griping, falſe, reforming Brother rails at *Waſte* ſpent upon the *Anointed*, Perſecutes moſt thoſe Hands which *Ordain'd* him, brings in *Men with Swords and Staves*; and all for Money from the Honourable *Scribes* and *Phariſees*,) one Touch more (a Line tyed to his Name-ſake *Elder-Tree*) had made him *Judas*, Root and Branch. This *Aſſembly* at firſt was a full Century, which ſhould be reckon'd as the Scholiaſt's *Hecatomb*, by their Feet, not Heads; or count them by Scores, for in Things without Heads Six-ſcore go to an Hundred, they would be a new *Septuagint*; the old Tranſlated Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*, theſe turn in to *Four Shillings a Day*. And theſe Aſſemblers were begot in one Day, as *Hercules*'s fifty Baſtards all in one Night. Their firſt Liſt was ſprinkled with ſome Names of Honour, (Dr. *Sanderſon*, Dr. *Manley*,

Dr.

Dr. *Hammond*, &c.) but these were *Divines*, too worthy to mix with such *Scandalous Ministers*, and would not *Assemble*, without the *Royal Call*. Nay, the first List had one Archbishop, one Bishop, and an Half, (for Bishop *Brownrigg* was then but *Elect*.) But now their *Assembly* (as Philosophers think the World) consists of *Atoms*, petty small *Levites*, whose Parts are not perceptible. And yet these inferior postern Teachers have intoxicated *England* (for a Man sometimes grows Drunk by a Glister.) When they all meet, they shew Beasts in *Africk*, by promiscuous coupling engender Monsters. Mr. *Selden* visits them (as *Persians* use) to see *wild Asses* fight: when the *Commons* have tir'd him with their new Law, these Brethren refresh him with their mad Gospel: They lately were gravel'd 'twixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*, they knew not the distance 'twixt those two Places; one cry'd twenty Miles, another ten, 'twas concluded seven, for this reason, that *Fish was brought from* Jericho *to* Jerusalem *Market*. Mr. *Selden* smil'd

and

and said, *Perhaps the Fish was Salt-Fish*; and so stop'd their Mouths. Earl *Philip* goes thither to hear them *spend*; when he heard them toss their *National, Provincial, Classical, Congregational*; he swore *dammably*, that a Pack of good Dogs made better Musick: His Allusion was proper, since the *Elder's Maid* had a Four-legg'd Husband. To speak Truth, this *Assembly* is the *Two Houses* Tiring-Room, where the *Lords* and the *Commons* put on their Vizards and Masques of Religion. And Their *Honours* have so *sifted* the Church, that at last they have found the *Bran* of the Clergy; Yet such poor Church-menders must Reform and Shuffle, though they find Church-Goverment may a thousand ways be chang'd for the worse, but not one way for the better. These have lately Publish'd *Annotations* on the Bible, where their first Note (on the Word *CREATE*) is a Libel against Kings, for creating of Honours. Their *Annotation* on *Jacob's* two Kids, is, that *two Kids are too much for one Man's Supper*: but *He had* (say they) *but*

*but one Kid, and the other made Sauce.* They observe upon *Herod*, what a Tyrant he was, to kill Infants under two Years old, *without* giving *them legal Tryal*, that they might speak for themselves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva* Margin, as those Sea-Men who understood not the *Compass* crept along the Shore. But I hear they threaten a *second Edition*, and in the Interim thrust forth a paultry *Catechism*, which expounds Nine *Commandments*, and Eleven Articles of the *Creed*. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor Bishops Names to pick out the Number 666! little dreaming that a whole Baker's Dozen of their own Assembly have that beastly number in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their *Solemn League* and *Covenant* consists of 666 Words. But tho' the *Assembler*'s Brains are Lead, his Countenance is Brass; for he Damned [illegible] held two Benefices, while [illegible] four or five, besides his [illegible]ctures. He is

not

not against *Pluralities*, but *Dualities*; he says it is unlawful to have two of his own, tho' four of other Mens; and observes how the *Hebrew* Word for *Life* has no singular Number. Yet it is some Relief to a sequestred Person to see two *Assemblers* snarl for his Tithes; for of all kind of Beasts none can match an *Assembler* but an *Assembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clambers up thro' a Window of *Sequestration*, or steals in through Vaults and Cellars, by Clandestine Contracts with an expecting Patron. He is most sure no Law can hurt him, for Laws died in *England* the Year before the *Assembler* was born. The best way to hold him is (as our King *Richard* bound the King of *Cyprus*) in *Silver Chains*. He loves to discourse of the *New Jerusalem*, because her Streets are of *fine Gold*; and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapside* pav'd with the *Philosopher's Stone*. Nay, he would say his Prayers with Beads, if he might have them made of all Diamonds: This [illegible] which tempts him to such [illegible] against the

*Loyal*

*Loyal Clergy*, whom he dreſſes as he would have them appear, juſt as the Ballad of Dr. *Fauſtus* brings forth the Devil, in a *Friar's Weed*. He accuſed one Miniſter for ſaying, *the bleſſed Virgin was the Mother of God*, (Θεοτόκος, as the Ancients call her.) Another he charged for a common Drunkard, whom all the Country knows has drunk nothing but Water theſe twenty-ſix Years. But the *Aſſembler* himſelf can drink Widows Tears, tho' their Huſbands are not dead. Sure if *Paracelſus*'s Doctrine were true, (that *to eat Creatures will perpetuate Man's Life*) the *Aſſembler* were immortal, for he ſwallows quick Men, Wives, and Children, and devours *Lives* as well as *Livings*; as if he were born in that Pagan Province where *None might Marry till he had killed twelve Chriſtians*. This makes him kneel to Lieutenant-General *Cromwel* (as *Indians* to the Devil;) for he ſaw how *Oliver* firſt threw——; then—— and can [illegible] Wink do as much for——: [illegible] in the *Olympicks*, by [illegible] *Calf* grew

ſtrong

strong enough for a *Bull*, and could with ease give a Lift to an *Asse*. The Great *Turk* was sending his Ambassadot, to congratulate the *Assemblys* Proceedings against the *Christians*; He ordered them Thanks for Licensing his *Alcoran* to be Printed in *English*; but hearing *Ottoman Cromwel* had talked of *Marching to the Walls of Constantinople*, that Embassy was stopt. The only difference twixt the *Assembler* and a *Turk* is, that one plants Religion by the *Power of the Sword*, and the other by the Power of the *Cymeter*. Nay, the greatest Strife in their whole Conventicle, is, who shall do worst; for they all intend to make the Church but a *Sepulchre*, having not only Plunder'd but Anatomis'd all the true Clergy; whose Torment is lengthen'd in being destroyed by such dull Instruments; as the Prophet *Isaiah* was sawn to pieces with a *wooden Saw*. The *Assembler* wonders that the King and his Friends live still in hope; he thinks them all in St. *Clement's* Case, Drown'd with an Anchor tyed about his Neck. He has now got Power to

visit

visit the *Universities*, where these blinking *Visitors* look on eminent Scholars (as the Blind Man who saw *Men* like *Trees*) as Timber growing within the Root-and-Branch *Ordinance*. The *Assembler* has now left Scholars so poor, they have scarce Rags wherewith to make Paper. A Man would think the *Two Houses* intend to Transport the *Universities*, since they load Asses with College-Revenues. For though these *Assemblers* made themselves *Heads*, they are rather *Hands* of Colledges, for they all are Takers, and take all. And yet they are such creeping Tyrants, that Scholars are Expell'd the two *Universities*, as the old *Thracians*, forc'd from their Country by Rats and Mice. So that Learning now is so much advanced, as *Arrowsmith*'s Glass-Eye sees more than his Natural. They never admit a good Scholar to a Benefice, for the *Assemblies* Balance is the *Lake* of *Sodom*, where Iron swims and Feathers sink. Their Divinity-Disputations are with Women or Lay-men; and 'tis only on one Question (*Episcopacy*) where the *Assembler*

*ſembler* talks all that he and his Friends can ſay, (though his beſt *medium* to prove Presbyters more ancient than Biſhops, is that *Scribes*, *Phariſees*, *Prieſts* and *Elders* were before the *Apoſtles*;) Yet if a Scholar or good Argument come, he flies them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curſe Dr. *Steward*, Dr. *Lancy*, and Dr. *Hammond*; and had he not had more Braſs in his Face than in his Kitchin, he had Hang'd himſelf at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that *Treaty*. For he has naught of *Logick*, but her *clutch'd Fiſt*, and rails at *Philoſophy* as Beggars do at Gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in *Philologie*, as one of them (and that no mean Man) who in his Preface to the Reader, ſays, *that St.* Paul *had read* Euſtathius *upon* Homer, though the *Apoſtle died* a thouſand Years before *Euſtathius* was born. The *Aſſemblers* Diet is ſtrangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Weſtminſter*, four *Aſſemblers* for thirteen Pence: But this ſharpens and whets him for Supper, where he feeds *gratis* with his City-Landlord,

Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach, and News; for which Cram'd Capons Cram him. He ſcrews into Families where is ſome Rich Daughter or Heir; but whoever takes him into their Boſom, will Die like *Cleopatra*. When it rains he is Coach'd (a Claſſis of them together) rowling his Eyes to mark who beholds him. His ſhorteſt things are his Hair and his Cloak. His Hair is cut to the figure of three, two high Cliffs run up his Temples, whoſe Cap of ſhorn Hair ſhoots down his Forehead, with Creeks indented, where his Ears ride at Anchor. Had this falſe Prophet been carried with *Habbakuk*, the *Angel* had caught faſt hold of his *Ears*, and led him as he leads his Auditory. His Eyes are part of his Tythe at *Eaſter*, which he boils at each Sermon. He has two Mouths, his Noſe is one, for he ſpeaks through both. His Hands are not in his Gloves, but his Gloves in his Hands, for 'twixt Sweatings, that is, Sermons, he handles little elſe, except his dear Mammon. His Gown (I mean his Cloak) reaches but his

Pockets:

Pockets: When he rides in that Mantle, with a Hood on his Shoulders, and a Hat above both, is he not then his own *Man of Sin* with the Triple Crown? You would swear some honest Carpenter dress'd him, and made him the Tunnel of a Country Chimney. His Doublet and Hose are of dark Blue, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: But of late he's in Black, since the Loyal Clergy were persecuted into Colours. His two longest things are his *Nails* and his *Prayers*. But the cleanest thing about him is his Pulpit Cusheon, for he still beats the Dust out of it. To do him Right, commonly he wears a pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the Church into a Belfry, for his Clapper makes such a Din, you cannot hear the Cymbal for the Tinkling. If his Pulpit be large he walks his Round, and speaks as from a Garison, (his own Neck is Palizado'd with a Ruff) when he first enters his Prayer before Sermon, he winks and gasps, and gasps and winks, as if he prepar'd to Preach in another World, he seems in a Slumber, then in a Dream, then

then rumbles a while, at last founds forth, and then throws so much Dirt and Nonsense towards Heaven, as he durst not offer to a Member of Parliament. Now because Scripture bids him *not curse the King in* his *Thought*, he does it in his Pulpit, by word of Mouth; though Heaven strike him Dumb in the very Act, as it did *Hill* at *Cambridge*, who, while he prayed, *Depose him, O Lord, who would Depose us*, was made the *Dumb Devil*. This (one would think) should *gargle* his foul Mouth. For his only Hope why God should hear him against the King, is, the Devil himself (that great *Assembler*) was heard against *Job*. His whole Prayer is such an irrational Bleating, that (without a Metaphor) 'tis the *Calves of his Lips*: And commonly 'tis larded with fine new Words, as *Savingable*, *Muchly*, *Christ-Jesusness*, &c. and yet he has the Face to Preach against *Prayer in an unknown Tongue*. Sometimes he is founder'd, and then there is such hideous Coughing: But that is very seldom, for he can glibly run over Nonsense, as an empty

empty Cart trundles down a Hill. When the King girt round the Earl of *Essex* at *Leftythiel*, an *Assembler* complained, that *God had drawn his People into the Wilderness*, and told him, *He was bound in Honour to feed them*; for, *Lord*, said he, *since thou givest them no Meat, we pray thee, O Lord, to give them no Stomachs.* He tore the *Liturgy*, because, forsooth, it shackled his Spirit, (he would be a Devil without a *Circle*;) and now if he see the Book of *Common-Prayer*, the Fire sees it next, as sure as those Bishops were burned who Compiled it. Yet he has Mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, because their *Meters* are Sung without Authority (no Statute, Canon, or Injunction at all;) only like himself, first crept into Private Houses, and then into Churches. Mr. *Rous* moved those *Meters* might be sequestred, and his own new Rithmes to enjoy the sequestration; but was refused, because *John Hopkins* was as ancient as *John Calvin*; besides, when *Rous* stood forth for his Trial, *Robin Wisdom* was found the better Port. 'Tis true, they have a

*Di-*

*Directory*, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who sold the Original for 400 l. And the Book must serve both *England* and *Scotland*, as the *Directory Needle* points *North* and *South*. The *Assembler*'s only Ingenuity is, that he prays for an *extempore* Spirit, since his Conscience tells him he has no Learning. His Prayer thus ended, he then looks round, to observe the Sex of his Congregation, and accordingly turns the Apostle's Men, Fathers, and Brethren, into Dear Brethren and Sisters. For his usual Auditory is most part Female; and as many Sisters flock to him, as at *Paris* on Saint *Margaret*'s Day, when all come to Church that are, or hope to be with Child that Year. He divides his Text as he did the Kingdom, makes one part fight against another: or as *Burges* divides the Dean of *Paul*'s House, not into Parts but Tenements; that is, so as 'twill yield most Money. And properly they are Tenements; for each part must be dwelt upon, though himself comes near it but once a Quarter; and so his Text is rather let out than Divided.

ded. Yet sometimes (to shew his Skill in *Keckerman*) he *Butchers* a Text, cuts it (just as the *Levite* did his *Concubine*) into many dead Parts, breaking the Sence and Words all to pieces, and then they are not divided, but shattered, like the Splinters of *Don Quixot*'s Lance. If his Text be to the Occasion, his first Dish is *Apples of Gold, in Pictures of Silver*; yet tells not the People what Pictures those were. His Sermon and Prayer grin at each other, the one is *Presbyterian*, the other *Independant*, for he preaches up the *Classes*, yet prays for the Army. Let his Doctrine and Reason be what they will, his *Use is still to save his Benefice and augment his Lecture*. He talks much of *Truth*, but abhors *Peace*, lest it strip him as *naked* as *Truth*; and therefore hates a Personal Treaty, unless with a Sister. He has a rare simpering way of Expressions, he calls a Married Couple, *Saints that enjoy the Mistery*; and a Man Drunk, is *a Brother full of the Creature*. Yet at Wedding-Sermons he is very familiar, and (like that Picture in the

Church

Church at *Leyden*) shews *Adam* and *Eue* without Fig-leaves. At Funerals he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to Heaven; but his chief Mark of a *Child of God*, is, *to be good to God's Ministers*. And hence it is he calls his Preachment *Manna*, fitted not to his Hearers *Necessity* but their *Palat*; for 'tis to feed himself, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreshes himself with the People's Hum, as a Collar of Bells to cheer up a Packhorse. 'Tis no wonder he'll Preach, but that any will hear him, (and his constant Auditors do but shew the length of their Ears;) for he is such an Αβελπεριόπτυξ, that to hear him makes good Scholars sick, but to read him is Death. Yet though you hear him three Hours, he'll ask a fourth, as the Beggar at *Delph* craves your Charity *because he eats four pound of Bread at a Meal*. 'Twas from his Larum the *Watchmakers* learn'd their *infinite Screw*. His Glass and Text are equally handled, that is, once an Hour: Nay, sometimes he sallys and never returns, and then we should leave

him to the Company of *Farriers* for he muſt be held with Bit and Bridle. Who ever once has been at his Church can never doubt the Hiſtory of *Balaam*. If he have got any new Tale or Expreſſion, 'tis eaſier to make Stones ſpeak, than him to hold his Peace. He hates a Church where there is an *Echo*, for it robs him of his dear *Repetition*, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But of all Mortals I admire the *Short-Hand-Men*, who have the Patience to write from his Mouth: Had they the Art to ſhorten it into Senſe, they might write his whole Sermon on the back of their Nail. For his Invention conſiſts in finding a way to ſpeak nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seignior's* Power, he would lodge him with his *Mutes*; for *Nothing*, and *Nothing to purpoſe*, are all one. I wonder in Conſcience he can preach againſt *Sleeping* at his *Opium*-Sermons. He Preaches indeed both in Seaſon and out of Seaſon; for he rails at Popery, when the Land is almoſt loſt in Preſbytery; and would cry out, *Fire*,

*Fire*,

*Fire*, in *Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he so acts with his Hands, that in this Sense too his Preaching is an *Handicraft*. Nor can we complain that Plays are put down while he can Preach; save only his *Sermons* have worse Sense and less Truth. But he blew down the Stage and preach'd up the Scaffold. And very wisely, lest Men should track him, and find where he pilfers all his best *Similes*, (the only thing wherein he is commendable, St. *Paul* himself having cull'd Sentences from *Menander's Thais*, though 'twas his worst, that is, unchast Comedy.) Sometimes the *Assembler* will venture at the Original, and then (with the Translator of *Don Quixot*) he mistakes *Sobs* and *Sighs* for *Eggs* and *Collops*. But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and streight is *illuminated*, that is Mad; his Brain is broke by a Brickbat cast from the Tower of *Babel*. And yet this empty windy Teacher has *Lectured* a War quite round the Kingdom; He has found a Circulation of Blood for *Destruction* (as famous *Harvey* for

*Preservation*) of Mankind. 'Twas easy to foresee a great Mortality, when Ravens were heard in all Corporations; For, as Multitude of Frogs presage a Pestilence, so croaking *Lecturers* foretold an *Assembly*. Men come to Church as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have seen a small *Elder-tree* grow in chinks and clefts of Church-Walls, it seems rather a *Weed* than a *Tree*; which, lend it growth, makes a Rent in the Wall, and throws down the Church. Is not this the *Assembler*? grown from Schisms, (which himself begot) and, if permitted, will make the Church but a *Floor* or *Church-yard*. Yet, for all this, he will be call'd, *Christ's Minister* and Saint, as the Rebels against King *John* were the *Army of God*. Sure when they meet they cannot but smile, for the dullest amongst them needs must know that they all cheat the People; such gross, low Impostors, that we die the Death of the Emperor *Claudius*, poyson'd by *Mushromes*. The old Hereticks had Skill and Learning, (some excuse for a Seduced Church) those

those were *Scholars*, but these, *Assemblers*; whose very Brains (as *Manichæus*'s Skin) are stuff'd with *Chaff*. For they Study little, and Preach much, ever sick of a *Diabetes*. Nor do they *Read*, but *Weed* Authors, picking up cheap and refuse Notes, that, with *Caligula*, they gather Cockle-Shells, and, with *Domitian*, retire into their Study to catch Flies. At *Fasts* and *Thanksgivings* the *Assembler* is the State's Trumpet; for then he doth not *Preach*, but is *Blown*; proclaims News very loud, the Trumpet and his Forehead being both of one Mettle. (And yet, good Man, he still prays for *Baldness*.) He hackneys out his Voice, like a Cryer; and is a kind of *Spiritual Agitant*, receives Orders and spreads them. In earnest, the *States* can't want this Tool, for without him the *Saints* would scarce *Assemble*. And if the Zealots chance to fly out, they are charm'd home by this *Sounding Brass*. There is not on Earth a baser Sycophant; for he ever is chewing some *Vote* or *Ordinance*; and tells the People how *savoury* it is; like him

him who lick'd up the Emperor's Spittle, and swore 'twas sweet. Would the *Two Houses* give him *Cathedral Lands*, he would prove *Lords* and *Commons* to be *Jure Divino*: But, should they offer him the *Self-denying-Ordinance*, he would justify the Devil, and curse them to their Faces, (his Brother Kirk-Man did it in *Scotland*.) 'Tis pleasant to observe how finely they play into each others Hands; *Marshal* procures thanks to be given to *Sedgwick*, (for his great Pains;) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marshal*, and so they all pimp for one another. But yet (to their great comfort be it spoken) their whole seven Years Sermons at *Westminster*, are now to be sold in *Fetter-Lane* and *Pyecorner*. Before a Battle the *Assembler* ever speaks to the Soldiers, and the holding up of his Hand must be as necessary as *Moses* against the *Amalikites*: For he pricks them on, tells them that *God loves none but the valiant*; but when Bullets fly, himself runs first, and then cry's, *All the Sons of Adam are Cowards!* Were there any *Metempsychosis*, his

Soul

Soul would want a Lodging; no single Beast could fit him, being wise as a Sheep and innocent as a Wolf. His sole Comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters*: Sure as *Satan* hath possessed the *Assembler*, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed *Satan*, and is the Devil's Devil: He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gadarens*. He hath suck'd Blood ever since he lay in the *Butcher's* Sheets; and now (like his Sultan) has a Shambles in his Countenance; so crimson and torrid you may there read how St. *Lawrence* died, and think the *Three Children* were deliver'd from his Face. This is St. *Hugh* who will *Level* the *Assembler*, or the *Devil's an Asse*. Yoke these Brethren, and they two couple like a *Saducee* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Persian*, both Mahumetans. But the *Assembler*'s deepest, highest Abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he strives to *damn* or *beggar* the whole Kingdom; out-doing the Devil, who only persuades, but the *Assembler* forces to *Perjury* or *Starving*. And this (whoever lives to observe it) will one

Day ſink both him and his Faction! For he and his *Oath* are ſo much one, that were he half hang'd and let down again, his firſt Word would be *Covenant! Covenant!*

Bue I forget, a *Character* ſhould be brief (though *tedious Length* be his beſt Character.) Therefore I'll give ye (what he denies the Sequeſtred Clergy) but a *fifth Part*. For weigh him ſingle and he has the Pride of three Tyrants, the Forehead of ſix Goalers, and the Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or take him in the Bunch, and their whole *Aſſembly* is a *Club* of Hypocrites, where ſix dozen of Schiſmaticks ſpends two Hours for four Shillings apiece.

# THE CASE OF King CHARLES I. Truly Stated,

AGAINST

*John Cook*, Master of *Gray*'s-Inn.

By Mr. BUTLER, Author of *Hudibras*.

*LONDON*:
Printed in the Year 1714.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# PREFACE TO THE READER.

THE Publisher of this following Discourse, has thought fit to oblige the World with a piece of Curiosity; it was Penn'd above Forty Years since, by the Ingenious and Celebrated Author of Hudibras. The Libel which he answers, was the Labour of one John Cook, Master

*Master of* Grays-Inn, *a great Painstaker in the Mysteries of Rebellion. To give you the Original of it, 'twas a studied Invective against the Person of King* Charles I. *before the High Court of Justice, (so called) of infamous Memory; but upon the Non-Pleading of the Royal Martyr, 'twas afterwards Metamorphos'd into a Pamphlet, with the specious Title of,* King *Charles's* Case; or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Trial. *How Rational this Appeal was, may be easily discover'd from those numerous Fallacies and notorious Falshoods, which our Author has detected in him, not only as to what concerns plain matter of Fact, but also in the Pamphleteer's pretended way of Reasoning, the false Logick, and worse Law. I shall not enter into the Merits of the Cause; for I suppose the more Rational part of Mankind, is abundantly satisfied in the Innocence of that Great Man, as to any thing that was laid to his Charge; and upon that Account, indeed, there would have been little Occasion at this time of Day to produce*

so

so great an Advocate for his Memory, but that there is risen amongst us a new Rule of the Old Republican Stamp, who have ravi'd the Quarrel, and Copied out the obsolete and almost forgotten Scandal of our Libeller, and made it their own. The Author of Ludlow's Letter may be reckon'd amongst the first of these, one that always set up for a Patron of Faction, and a Promoter of the Good Old Cause, but shew'd himself most in that famous Year, when he was one of the Tribunes of the People. I should not have made such a Digression upon this Worthy Patriot, but that I find him to intrude amongst his Friends, Mr. Milton and our Libeller, and seems to be the very Copy of their Malice, at least, though not their Wit; and for that Reason, I must confess, he seems to be the least pointed at by our Answer. I shall say no more of him at present, but pass him by with the same Contempt as the Government has wisely done; 'tis but unseasonable Quarrelling with a Man that is Arm'd with so much Dirt, you'll be sure of that if you have nothing else.

*I need not trouble the Reader with any Harangue upon our Author, or his Book; I suppose he is no Stranger to the Honester and more Learned part of the Kingdom; and as for the rest, 'twas their best Security they were not known by him. I shall only add, that it was Mr. Butler's Design to Print the Discourse himself, had not Death prevented him; and since it has fell into the Editor's Hands, 'tis but a piece of Justice to his Memory, to let the World make their Advantage of it.*

# THE CASE OF King CHARLES I. Truly Stated.

*Mr. Cooke,*

HAVING lately seen a Book of yours, which you are pleased to call *King* CHARLES *his Case, or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Tryal*; I was much invited to read it, by the Ingenuity promised in

in your Title. For having heard you [illegible] nal Men from being your Clients in this Case, in making them, by your Appeal, your Judges: For no Man, you know, can be Judge in his own Case, but acknowledge your High Court, from which you Appeal to all Rational Men to consist of no such: But indeed I had not read many Lines before I found mine own Error, as well as yours, and your Proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain Dealing I expected from you; for you presently fall to insult upon the Unhappiness of your undeserved Adversary, and that with so little Moderation, as if you strove to make it a Question whether his incomparable Patience, or your own ungoverned Passion, should be the greater Wonder of Men, preposterously concluding him Guilty, before with one Syllable you had proved him so: A strange way of doing Justice! which you

you endeavour to make good by a strange insolent Railing, and more insolent proceeding to the Secret Counsel of Almighty God, from whence you presume to give Sentence on him, a Boldness no less impious than unjust in you, were it true, since we can never know it to be so.

But indeed it is hard to say, whether you have shewn more Malice or Vanity in this notable Declaration of yours; for he that considers the Affectation and Fantastique Lightness of your Language, (such as *Ireland*, a *Land of Ire*; *Bitt-Sheep* for *Bishops* and other such ingenious Elegancies of Quibble;) must needs confess it an Oratory more becoming a Fool in a Play, or *Peter* before the Rabble, than the Patrons of his Sovereign's Sovereign, or the Gravity of that Court, which you say, right wisely, shall be admir'd at the Day of Judgment. And therefore you do ill to accuse him of reading *Johnson*'s and *Shakespear*'s Plays, which, it seems, you have been more in your self to much worse purpose, else you had never hit so right upon the very

Dialect of their railing Advocates, in which (believe me) you have really outacted all that they could fancy of passionate and ridiculous Outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am so Charitable to believe it was your Passion that imposed upon your Understanding; else, as a Gentleman, you could have never descended to such peasantry of Language, especially against such a Person, to whom (had he never been your Prince) no Law enjoins (whatsoever his Offences were) the punishment of Ribaldry. And for the Laws of God they absolutely condemn it; of which I wonder, you that pretend so much to be of his Counsel, should be either so ignorant or forgetful.

Calamity is the Visitation of God, and (as Preachers tell us) a favour he does to those he loves; wherever it falls it is the Work of his Hand, and should become our Pity, not our Insolence. This the ancient Heathen knew, who believing Thunder came from the Arm of God, reverence the very Trees it lighted upon.

But

But your Paſſion hath not only miſled you againſt Civility, and Chriſtian Charity, but common Senſe alſo; elſe you would never have driven your Chariot of Reaſon (as you call it) ſo far out of the Road, that you forget whither you are going, and run over every thing that ſtands in your way; I mean, your unuſual way of Argument, not only againſt Reaſon but yourſelf, as you do at the firſt ſally; for after your fit of Raving is over, you beſtow much pains to prove it one of the Fundamentals of Law, That the King is not above the Law, but the Law above the King. And this you deraign, as you call it, ſo far, that at length you ſay, the King hath not by Law ſo much Power as a Juſtice of Peace to commit any Man to Priſon; which you would never have done, if you had conſidered from whom the Juſtice derives his Power, or in whoſe Name his Warrants run; elſe you may as well ſay, a Man may give that which he hath not; or prove the Moon hath more Light than the Sun, becauſe he cannot ſhine by Night as the Moon doth.

doth. But you needed not have strained so hard, for this will serve you to no purpose, but to prove that which was never denied by the King himself. For if you had not a much worse Memory than Men of your Condition should have, you could not so soon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that Charge, the King demanded of your High Court, *by what Law they could sit to judge him*; (as offering to submit if they could produce any,) but then Silence or Interruption were thought the best ways of confessing there was no such thing. And when he undertook to shew them both Law and Reason too, why they could not do it, the Righteous President told him plainly, *He must have neither Law nor Reason*; which was certainly (as you have it very finely) *the most comprehensive, impartial, and glorious piece of Justice that ever was played on the Theater of* England; for what could any Court do more than rather condemn itself than injure Truth?

But

But you had better have left this whole Business of the Law out of your *Appeal to all Rational Men*, who can make no use of it, but against your self. For if the Law be above the King, much more is it above the Subject. And if it be so heinious a Crime in a King to endeavour to set himself above Law, it is much more heinous for Subjects to set themselves above King and Law both. Thus, like right Mountebanks, you are fain to Wound and Poyson yourselves to cheat others, who cannot but wonder at the Confidence of your Imposture, that are not asham'd to magnify the Power of the Law, while you violate it; and confess you set your selves really above the Law, to Condemn the King for but intending it.

And indeed Intentions and Designs are the most considerable Part both of your Accusations and Proofs, some of which you are fain to fetch a great way off, as far as his Coronation Oath, which you next say, *He, or the Archbishops by his Order, emasculated, and left out very material Words*, (which the

the People shall choose,) which is false; for these Words were not left out, but rendred with more Sence, (*which the Commonalty have*) and, if you consider what they relate to, (Customs) you will find you cannot, without open Injury, interpret, *Elegeret*, (in the Latin Oath) *Shall Choose*, not, *Hath Chosen*; for if you will have *Consuetudines quas vulgus elegerit*, to mean, *Customs*, which are to be not only *Use*, which must be often repeated before it become a Custom, but, *Choice*, which necessarily preceeds *Use*.

But suppose it were as you would have it, I cannot see with what Reason you can presume it to be a Design to subvert the Laws, since you know he had sworn to defend them before, in the first Article of the Oath, from which I wonder how you can suppose, that so Wise a Prince (as you acknowledge him to be) could be so irrational to believe himself absolute by this Omission. But you are not without further Contradiction yet, for if he were so perfidious a Violator of Oaths as you would have the World believe,

what

what reason had he to be conscientious of taking them? Certainly he hath little cause to be nice what Oaths he takes, that hath no regard what Oaths he breaks.

Nor can I possibly understand your other Construction of his refusal to take the Oath, as his Predecessors had done, which you will have a design to refuse his Assent to such good Laws, rather than bad Ones, as the Parliament should tender; for besides the absurd Conceits, that he must still like the bad better than the good, if you consider what you say afterwards, the charitable sence will appear, by your own Words, to be the truest; for you confess he gave his assent to any bad one, else you had not been fain, for want of such, to accuse him of a few good ones, as you do there; which of these is most probable, let every rational Christian judge.

Your next Argument to prove the King's design to destroy the Law, is thus ordered: Those Knights that were by an old Statute to attend at the King's Coronation, being promised by his Proclamation

clamation (in regard of the Infection then spread through the Kingdom) a Dispensation for their absence, were after Fined at the Council Table; no doubt by the procurement of some of your own Tribe, where they pleading the Proclamation for their Indemnity, were answered, That the Law of the Land was above any Proclamation: Your Conclusion is therefore, The King had a Design to subvert the Laws: Sure there is no Man in his Wits but would conclude the contrary; such Arguments as these are much like the Ropes that *Oanus* twisted only for Asses to devour.

But if this should fail, you know you were provided with another, not less substantial, and that is, his alteration of the Judges Commissions, who heretofore had their Places granted to them during their good Behaviour, but he made them but during Pleasure; of this you make a sad Business of a very imaginary evil Consequence; but if you had considered before, what you say presently after, that the King, and not the Judges, is to be accountable

for

for the Injuſtice and Oppreſſion of the Government, &c. you would have found it very juſt that he ſhould uſe his Pleaſure in their Diſmiſſion as well as Choice; For Men of your Profeſſion, that have lived long enough to be Judges, are not ſuch Punies in Cunning, to play their Feats of Iniquity above-board; and if they may ſit ſtill they can be proved to have miſbehaved themſelves: The Prince that is to give an Account for all, may ſooner know he is abuſed, than how to help himſelf.

All the Inconveniency which you can fanſy poſſible to enſue it, is only to ſuch bad Judges as buy their Places; of whoſe Condition and Loſs you are very ſenſible, as if they had too hard a Bargain of Injuſtice, believe they may have reaſon enough to give unjuſt Judgment, rather than loſe their Places and their Money too, if they ſhall receive ſuch Intimation from the King. But you forget your ſelf when you put this in your *Appeal to all Rational Men*; for they will tell you this was a bold Affront done to your High Court of Juſtice; for if it were potential

Tyranny (as you will have it) in the King, to have but a Design to indure the Judges to give Sentence against the Law, which you say brings the People the next step to Slavery: What is it in those who presume to give Sentence themselves, not only contrary to Law, but the declared Opinion of all the Judges, and those of their chooſing too? And (I beseech you) whither, by your own Doctrine, does this bring the People that submit to it? Certainly, if you that can accuse the King of this, had been a Jew heretofore, you would not only have stoned your Fellows, but your Saviour too.

But if all your Arguments should miscarry, you have a Reserve left that does (as you say) irrefragably prove the Design; what's that? he is restless to destroy Parliaments, or make them useless. Believe me, this is right *Ignotum per ignotius*, excellent Consequence to prove his Design by his Desires; you should have proved his Desires first, (if you would prove his Thoughts by his Thoughts) for certainly if ever he designed it, he desired

it

it first. You had better have concluded plainly he did it, because he designed it, for that is all one in Sense: But if I might be but half so bold with your Designs, I should, with more Reason, guess you have one to make us believe your familiar Acquaintance with the secret Counsels of God, (which you so often pretended to) else certainly he has given the Desires of Men so private a Lodging, that without his own Discovery, (which you can give us no Account of) you have no other way to know them. You do well, and if I may advise you, you shall give over this unlucky thing called Reason, and betake your self wholly to Revelations.

How these Arguments might prevail with your High Court of Justice I cannot tell; but, in my Opinion, they had little Reason to thank you for this last, for while you make the King a Traytor, and prove his meer Desire to destroy the Parliament, or make it useless, a purpose to subvert the Laws, you do but tell them what they are that have already done it; and the People, what a deal of Law they are

to expect hereafter. All you can justly, in your own Sense, accuse the King of, is but Discontinuance, or untimely Dissolution of Parliaments, which I wonder with what Sense you can interpret a Design to destroy the Parliaments, since all the World knows when he parted with his Power to dissolve the Parliament too. But see how doubly unjust you are; you accuse him for not calling Parliaments so often as he was bound to do by the Law, once a Year, (as you say) or oftner, but never consider how that is impossible to be done, without dissolving them as often, for doing which, notwithstanding, with so much Clamor, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with Inconsistencies, and may with much more Reason accuse him for calling Parliaments, because if he had not called them, he could never have dissolved them, which is very like your way of Argument.

But much better than you commonly use for your next, (to remove an Objection out of your way) is thus managed: The King, and not the Judges and evil Counsellors, ought to be accountable

countable for the Male Adminiſtrations, Injuſtices, and Oppreſſions of the Parliament, your Reaſons are, Becauſe he made ſuch wicked and corrupt Judges: Were they not his own Creatures? and ought not every Man to be accountable for the Work of his own Hands? Believe me, this were ſomething, if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as Judges. But if this Plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable Clients, the People; for if they made the King, as you ſay they did, you have cleared him of all ſuch horrid Crimes, Murders, and Maſſacres, which you take ſo much pains, to no purpoſe, to accuſe him of, and, like a right Man of Law, have undone your Clients, upon whoſe Score you ſet them. Your next Buſineſs will be to prove God guilty of the Sins of wicked Men, for they are his Creatures, and the Work of his own Hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual Method of doing him Right, to make him ſole Author and Owner of all his ill ordered or unhappy Actions, and not allow him a

ſhare in any good Deed or Act of Grace.

And theſe are the Fundamentals of the Charge, only Suppoſitions of Intentions and Deſigns, which how far you have proved juſt or profitable, let any Man but your ſelf judge. The Courſe you take afterwards, is much worſe, in my Opinion, for you make your own Grounds, and either not prove them at all, or (which is worſe) prove them upon their own Bottom, as when you take upon you to ſtate the Ground of your Wars, and prove the King to be the Cauſe of it, you do it thus:

The King (you ſay) ſet up his Standard of War for the Advancement and Upholding of his Perſonal Intereſt, Power, and pretended Prerogative, againſt the publick Intereſt of common Right, Peace, and Safety. How do you prove this? Becauſe he fought for the Militia, for a Power to call and diſſolve Parliaments, a negative Voice to make Judges, confer Honours, grant Pardons, make Corporations, inhance or debaſe Money, and avoid his own

Grants. Theſe you call his Perſonal Intereſt, Power, and Prerogative, which you ſay he fought for: Now, put the Poſition and Proof together, and ſee what Senſe it will make; truly none but this: That he made War for his Prerogative, becauſe he fought for his Prerogative: Is not this fine Logick! but ſuppoſe it were Senſe, how do you prove he fought for his Prerogative? to this you have not one Word to ſay; and why then ſhould we rather take your Word than the King's, who proteſted he took Arms in Defence of the Proteſtant Religion, the Liberty of the Subject, the Privileges of Parliament, and Laws of *England*? Certainly there is no Man in his Wits, but would rather believe his Words, than your Arguments, if he does but conſider that the moſt improbable part of all, (he proteſted to fight for the Defence of the Privileges of Parliament,) is found by Experience to be no Paradox: How true the reſt is Time will inſtruct you. But yet I cannot ſee why we ſhould not rather believe them, than the preſences of the Parliament, which were

more to fight in Defence of his Perſon, and their own Privileges, which how they have performed, your ſelf can tell; but all this while you miſtake your own Queſtion, which was not the right of the Cauſe, but the Cauſe, or (as you have it) the Occaſion of the War; and if you had a purpoſe to know that, Actions had been the only Guide of your Inquiry; for Intentions and Words are uncertain, and if they make no Aſſaults in private Quarrels, I know not why they ſhould in publick; and therefore, ſince we can never agree about the Truth of more remote Cauſes, 'tis moſt juſt for us to place the Cauſe of the War, where we find the firſt Breach of the Peace. Now, that the King was cleared of this, all indifferent Men, who had the Unhappineſs to be acquainted with the Method of their own Undoing, can very well teſtify. And if the Parliament ſhould deny it, their own Votes would contradict them, as well as their Actions; for when they firſt raiſed Horſe and Arms, they pretended to do ſo, becauſe it appeared, the King, ſeduced by

wicked

wicked Counsel, intended to make War against the Parliament; whereby they confess he had not then done it; and they had so little Ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to usurp the Right of his Cause, to justify their own; and, they say, took Arms for the Defence of the King; which, if we grant, it must follow, they first made War against him; for no body else ever did, against whom they could possibly Defend him; nor did their Actions, in offering the first Violence, less declare who began the War, when having an Army ready to invade him, before he set up his Standard, they both followed and set upon him, as they did at *Edge-Hill*. Go as far as you can, you will still find the *Scots* (whose Quarrel the Parliament took up at the second Hand, as well as they followed their Examples) were the first Beginners of all.

This being granted, how the King could afterwards do less than he did, I cannot understand: First he was bound by the Law of Nature (which

you ſay is Legiſlative, and hath a ſuſpenſive Power over all humane Laws) to defend himſelf. *Secondly*, By his Coronation-Oath, which he took to keep the Peace. And how could he do that, but by his raiſing Power to ſuppreſs thoſe who had already broken it? *Thirdly*, By the Laws of the Land, which, you ſay, truſted him with the Power of the Sword. And how could he preſerve that Truſt, if he had ſate ſtill, and ſuffered others, not only to take it from him, but to uſe it againſt him?

But it is moſt probable that he never intended it, elſe he was very unwiſe to let them be before-hand with him, in ſeizing upon his Caſtles, Magazines, and Ships; for which there can be no Reaſon imagin'd, but that he was loath to give them any Occaſion (in ſecuring them) to ſuſpect he did but intend a War. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all Rational Men, that he was ſo far from being the Cauſe of the War, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it ſo long, till he was fain to take

take Arms at ſo great a Diſadvantage, as he had almoſt as good have ſate ſtill and Suffered. And in this you have uſed the King with the ſame Juſtice the Chriſtians received from *Nero*, who having ſet *Rome* on fire himſelf, a Sacrifice to his own wicked Genius, laid the Odium of it on the Chriſtians, and put them to Death for it.

But this way you found too fair and open for your purpoſe, and therefore declined it; for having proved his Intentions by his Deſires, and his Actions by his Intentions, you attempt a more prepoſterous way yet to prove both, by what might have been his Intentions: And to this purpoſe you have the Confidence (in ſpight of Senſe) to make Contingencies the final Cauſe of things; and impolitick Accidental, poſſible Inconveniences (which all the Wit of Man can never avoid) the intended Reaſons of State. As when you will have the King fight for the Militia, only to command the Purſe of the People; for a Power to make Judges, only to wreſt the Laws; to grant Pardons, that publick Spirited Men (as you call them) may

may be made away, and the Murderers pardon'd, *&c.* All which being Creatures of your own Fancy and Malice, (and no part of his Quarrel,) you are ſo far from proving he fought for, that when you have ſtrained your Ability, all you can ſay, is but this, in your own Senſe, That he fought for a Power to do that which he never would do when it was in his Power: But if you take this Liberty, I cannot but think how you would beſtir yourſelf, if you could but get your God, as you have done your King, before ſuch an impartial High Court of Juſtice as this: how would you charge him with his Miſgovernment in Nature, for which, by the very ſame Logick, you may prove he made us all Slaves, in cauſing the Weaker to hold his Life at the Pleaſure of the Stronger; that he ſet up a Sun to dazle our Eyes, that we might not ſee; and to kindle Fevers in our Veins, made Fire to burn us; Water to drown us, and Air to poyſon us, and then demand Juſtice againſt him; all which you may eaſily do, now you have the Trick on't, for the very

very same Reason will serve again, and with much more Probability; for 'tis easier to prove, that Men have been burnt and drowned, and died of the Plague, than to make it appear the King ever used your finer Device to remove publick Spirited Men; or can you, without extreme Injustice, suppose he ever would? for 'tis so much as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greatest Oppossers, (for such you mean, I know) whom he found Owners of any eminent Desert, as he did the Earl of *Strafford*, and the Attorney General *Noy*, (and for other honest Men, as you will have them) whom Frenzy or Sedition set against him, by your own Confession; he did not suffer those blank Stars (very strange ones) to slit their Noses, and crop their Ears.

But now I think these honest publick Spirited Men, certainly some of them have not so good an Opinion of the Honesty of your publick Proceedings, but they would willingly venture, not only their Ears again, (if they had them) but their Heads too, in defiance

of

of your moſt compreheuſive piece of Juſtice, whoſe Cauſe, while you take upon you to plead, againſt their Conſent, as you have done your honourable Clients, the People; you deſerve in Reaſon to be thrown over the Bar, by your own Party, for you but confeſs your own Injuſtice, while you acknowledge the publick Honeſty of thoſe that moſt oppoſe it.

How ſolid or pertinent thoſe Arguments of yours have been, let any Man that is ſober, judge: But you are reſolved, right or wrong, they ſhall paſs; to let us know how eaſily he that has the Unhappineſs to be judged by his Enemies is found guilty of any thing they pleaſe to lay to his Charge; and therefore, ſatisfied with your own Evidence, you proceed to Sentence, and condemn the King with much Formality, by the Fundamental Laws of this Kingdom, by the general Law of all Nations, and the unanimous Conſent of all Rational Men in the World, for imploying the Power of the Sword to the Deſtruction of the People, with which they intruſted him for their own

Pro-

Protection. How you got the Conſent of Rational Men to this Sentence, I cannot imagine; for 'tis moſt certain (by your own Confeſſion) that he never imployed the Sword, but againſt thoſe who firſt fought to deprive him of it; and by that very Act, declared they did not truſt him, and conſequently abſolved him both from the Obligation that he had to protect them, and the Poſſibility too: For no Man can defend another longer than he defends himſelf; ſo that if you will have your Sentence to be juſt, you muſt confeſs it to be Nonſenſe; for you muſt not only prove, that thoſe who fought againſt him, were the People that truſted him, not thoſe who fought for him, but the leſſer, or leſs conſiderable part of the People, the People as you have the Confidence to call your Honourable Clients, being not the twentieth part of the very Rabble; which if you can do, you are much wiſer than *Solomon*: For it is eaſier to divide a Child in two parts, than to make one of thoſe two parts a whole Child; and if you have the trick on't,

you

you shall be next allowed to prove, that take four out of six, there remains six: Nor is there more Justice or Reason in the Sentence, than in the Course you take to uphold it; for while you deny the old Maxim of Law, *That the King can do no Wrong*, you maintain a new one much worse, *That he may suffer any*; and having limited this Power to act only according to Law, expose him to Suffer, not only without, but against Law. Truly it is hard Measure, but, rather than fail of your Purpose, you will make as bold with Scripture as you have done with Reason, if it stand in your way; as you do when you interpret that place of the Apostle, *Where no Law is, there is no Transgression*, to mean, Where there is neither Law of God, nor Nature, nor positive Law: I wonder where that is; certainly you had better undertake to find out a Plantation for *Archimedes* his Engines to move the Earth, than but fancy where that can be, which you must do before you can make this Scripture to be understood to your purpose; and I can-

cannot but ſmile, to think how hard a Talk that will be for ſuch a ſtrong Fancy as yours, that cannot conceive what your ſelf affirm; for when you deny it poſſible to ſuppoſe two Supreme Powers in one Nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before; for you confeſs the King to be Supreme, when you ſay, very elegantly, he made Head againſt the Parliament, who acknowledg'd him to be Head thereof, and yet you ſay the Parliment is the Supreme Authority of the Nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impoſſible to imagine.

But ſuch lucky Contradictions of your ſelf, as well as Senſe, are as familiar with you as Railing, for beſides the many before-mentioned, and your common Incongruities of Speech, is as far from Conſtruction, as the Purpoſe; There are others which, for your Encouragement, ought not to be omitted; and when you would prove the King the moſt abominable Tyrant that ever People ſuffered under, yet you ſay he was beloved of ſome, and feared abroad: His Judges you compared

pared to the Saints ſitting in Judgment at the laſt Day, and yet, by your own Doctrine, they are more like Bears and Wolves, in ſitting by a Commiſſion of Force; their High Court is a Royal Palace of the Principles of Freedom, and yet, till the People voluntarily ſubmit to a Government, (which they never did to that) they were but Slaves. The Parliament (you ſay) Petitioned the King, as good Subjects, and yet, immediately after, you make them, his Lords, and himſelf Servant; ſo they give him the Honour of his own Royal Aſſent, and yet they often Petitioned him for it. His Trial you call moſt impartial, and yet cannot deny all his Judges to be Parties, and his profeſt Enemies. But you hit pretty right, when you ſay he cauſed more Proteſtant Blood to be ſhed than ever was ſpilt either by *Rome*, Heathen or Antichriſtian; for grant that partly to be true, and confeſs as much Proteſtant Blood as ever was ſpilt by the Heathen *Romans*, unleſs they could kill Proteſtants eight hundred Years before there were any in the World; which elo-

quent

quent piece of Nonſenſe we muſt impute to your Ignorance in Chronology, or Confuſion of Notion, which you pleaſe. Nor are thoſe Riddles of Contradiction only in your Words, but in the whole Courſe of your Proceedings, for you never do the King any Right, but where you do him the greateſt Wrong; and are there only Rational, where you are moſt inhuman; as in your additional Accuſations, ſince his Death, for there you undertake to prove ſomething, and give your Reaſons (ſuch as they are) to make it appear, which were fair Play, if you do not take an Advantage too unreaſonable, to argue with the Dead. But your other Impeachments conſiſt only of Generals, prove nothing, or Intentions, which can never be proved, or your own forc'd Conſtructions of Actions, or what might have been Actions, but never were; all which you only aggravate with Impertinency and foul Language, but never undertake to prove; and if we ſhould grant all you would ſay, and ſuppoſe you ſaid it in Senſe or order, it would ſerve you to no purpoſe,

purpose, unless you have, by Proof or Argument, applied it to him, which you never went about to do.

But if this were the worst, you might be born with, as a thing more becoming the Contempt, than the Anger of Men; but who can preserve any Patience, that does but think upon that Prodigy of your Injustice, as well as Inhumanity, to accuse the King, after his Death, of what you were ashamed to charge him with, when alive? For what you say concerning the Death of King *James*, you will become the Scorn of your own Party, for they never ruled it farther than they found it of advantage to some Design they had in Hand; as when they would move the King to grant them Propositions, they made it serve for an Argument to him; if he would Sign, he should be still their *Gracious King*, if not, *he killed his Father*. But when they found he would not be convinced with such Logick, they laid it utterly aside, for (without doubt) they had not lost an Advantage so useful as they might have made it in the Charge, had they

they not known it would have coſt them more Impudence to maintain, than they ſhould need to uſe in proceeding without it; but let us conſider your Student's Might, with which you firſt ſay you are ſatisfied, and yet after have it as a Riddle. Firſt, he was obſerved to hate the Duke, but inſtantly, upon the Death of King *James*, took him into his ſpecial Grace and Favour, of which you conceive this Art muſt be the Cauſe. Believe me, your Conjecture is contrary to all Experience, and the common manner of Princes, who uſe to love the Treaſon, but hate the Traytor; and if he had been ſo politick a Tyrant, as you would deſcribe him, he would never believe his Life ſafe, nor his Kingdom his own, while any Man lived, (much leſs his Enemy, whom ſuch a King would never truſt) of whoſe Gift and Secrefy he held them both; nor is it likely that he, who would not ſpare the Life of his Father to gain a Kingdom, ſhould ſpare the Life of his Enemy to ſecure it. As for his diſſolving the Parliament, I believe not only all Wiſe Men,

Men, but all that ever heard of this, will acquit him, whether he did it to avoid the Duke's Impeachment, you cannot prove; but if you could, you must consider, that in such Cases, Princes may as well protect their Favourites from Injury as Justice, since no Innocence can serve them, if they lie as open to the Question, as they do to the Envy of Men.

But for the better Satisfaction of those you appeal to, I shall add this: It is most certain, that this Humour of Innovation began to stir in the first Parliament of this King, and grow to an Itch in the Commons for the Alteration of Government; to which end, they first resolved to pull down the chief Instrument thereof, the Duke of *Buckingham*: But having then no *Scotch* Army, nor Act of Continuance, to assure their Sitting, all the Wit of Malice could never invent more politick Course than to Impeach him, and put this Article (true or false) into his Charge; for thus they were not only sure of the Affections of the People, who (out of the common Fate of Favourites)

vourites) generally hated the Duke, and are always pleaſed with the Ruin of their Superiors, but ſecured from the King's Interpoſition, whom they believed, by this means, bound up from protecting the Duke, (tho' he knew his Innocency) leſt the Envy and Fancy of all ſhould fall upon himſelf; but the King, who underſtood their Meaning, and knew this was but in order to their further Attempts, (which always begin with ſuch Sacrifices) ſuddenly diſſolved the Parliament, and, by his Wiſdom and Policy, kept that Calamity ſixteen Years after from the People, which the very ſame Courſes and Fate of theſe unhappy Times, have ſince brought upon them. But you have taken more Pains to prove him Guilty, ſince his Death, of the Rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little Reaſon or Ingenuity, only you deal fairly in the Beginning, and tell us what Judgment and Conſcience we are to expect from you, when you ſay, as a Ground of all your Proofs, *If you meet a Man running down Stairs, with a bloody Sword in his Hand, and find*

*find a Man ſtabbed in the Chamber, tho' you did not ſee this Man run into the Body by that Man which you met, yet if you were of the Jury, you durſt not but find him guilty of the Murther.* I hope not, before you know whether the Man killed were ſent by the King to fetch the Man you met, for then you may ſay it muſt be in his own Defence: Truly you are a ſubtil Enquirer, but let us hear ſome of the clear Proofs; firſt, *he durſt never deny it abſolutely*; beſides the notorious Falſhood of that, it is moſt ſenſeleſs to imagin, that he who had wickedneſs enough to commit ſo horrid an Act, ſhould have the innocent Modeſty not to deny it, when he durſt not own it. He ſent Thanks to *Muſkerry* and *Plunket*, by *Ormond*, which you are confident his height of Spirit would never have done, if he had not been as guilty as themſelves; and may not *Ormond*, that carried the Thanks, be, by the ſame Reaſon, as well proved guilty as the King? What's next, *If he had not been guilty, he would have made a thouſand Declarations, and have ſent*

to

*to all Princes in the World for aſſiſtance againſt ſuch Hell-hounds and Blood-hounds*, &c. That was impoſſible to be done, without ſending to the Pope, and then you would have proved it clearly indeed. But the Copy of his Commiſſion to the *Iriſh* Rebels, is in the Hands of the Parliament. 'Tis moſt certain they never believed it themſelves, elſe it had not been omitted in the Charge. But now for an Argument to the purpoſe; after the *Iriſh* were proclaimed Traytors and Rebels by the King, their General Council made an Oath to bear true and faithful Allegiance to King *Charles*, and by all means to maintain his Royal Prerogative, againſt the Puritans in the Parliament of *England*; which they would never have done, unleſs he had commanded or conſented to the Rebellion: But obſerve then what will follow; after the two Houſes at *Weſtminſter* were proclaimed Rebels and Traytors by the King, they made a ſolemn Covenant to defend his Royal Perſon, Rights, and Dignities, againſt all Oppoſers whatſoever, and therefore by the

ſame Reaſon he did command or conſent to the War raiſed by the Parliament againſt himſelf. But did they not ſay they had his Commiſſion, and call themſelves the King and Queen's Armies? But then, you forgot who they were that ſaid ſo, Hell-hounds, and Blood-hounds, Fiends and Firebrands, and Bloody Devils, not to be named without Fire and Brimſtone; do you think ſuch are not to be believed, (eſpecially when they ſpeak for their own Advantage) rather than the People of God, the faithful of the Land at *Weſtminſter*, who likewiſe, when they raiſed Forces, ſaid, they did it for the King and Parliament? Can any Man in his Wits deny but the King is to be believed before either of theſe? And yet you cannot be perſwaded, but his Offer to go in Perſon to ſuppreſs the Rebellion, was a Deſign to return at the Head of 20 or 30000 Rebels to have deſtroyed this Nation. That's very ſtrange! but firſt, how ſhall we believe what you ſay before, (to ſhew your Breeding?) Never was Bear ſo unwillingly brought to the Stake, as he to declare

againſt

againſt the Rebels, if he offered to adventure his Perſon to ſuppreſs them: When you made this agree in Senſe, let us know how you can ſuppoſe the ſame Perſon, the wiſeſt King in Chriſtendom, and yet ſo fooliſh to ſtudy his own Deſtruction; for who could ſuffer ſo much in the Ruin of this Nation as himſelf? For his hindering the Earl of *Leiceſter*'s going into *Ireland*, he had much more Reaſon to do ſo, than the Parliament had to hinder him; and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him, of the Rebellion.

That they ſold or exchang'd, for Arms and Ammunition, the Cloath and Proviſions ſent by the Parliament to the Proteſtants in *Ireland*, you muſt either accuſe the Parliament, which ſeiz'd upon his Arms firſt, and uſed them againſt him, or prove them above the Law of Nature, (which I believe you had rather do) that commands every Man to defend himſelf. But the Rebels in *Ireland* gave Letters of Mart for taking the Parliament's Ships, but freed the King's as their very good

Friends. I ſee you are not ſuch a Wizard at Deſigns as you pretend to be; for if this be the deepeſt Reach of your Subtilty, had you been a Senator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the Country of the *Roman* Dictator, you would have ſpared no longer to prove him Confederate with the Enemy. But I fear I may ſeem as vain as your ſelf in repeating your Impertinencies. There is one Argument that might have ſerv'd inſtead of all, to convince you of Wickedneſs and Folly in this Buſineſs, and that is the Silence of the Charge, which (by your own Rule, ought to be taken *pro confeſſo*) there was never any ſuch thing.

I will not trouble my ſelf nor any Body with your *French* Legend, as being too inconſiderable to deſerve any ſerious Notice, built only upon Relations and Hear-ſays, and proved with your own Conjectures; which, how far we are to credit, from a Man of ſo much Biaſs and Miſtakes, any of thoſe you appeal to ſhall determine; to whom I ſhall ſay but this, that you do but ac-

acknowledge the Injuſtice of the Sentence, while you ſtrive to make it good with ſuch Additions; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken ſo much Pains to mend it: And I hope your High Court will puniſh you for it, whoſe Reputation your officious Indiſcretion hath much impaired to no purpoſe: For tho' we ſhould grant all your Additions to be true, as you would have it, it does not at all juſtify the King's Death, ſince he did not die in relation to any thing there objected; and all you can poſſibly aim at by this pitiful Argument, is but to prove him Guilty, becauſe he was Puniſhed; for you can never prove him puniſhed becauſe he was Guilty.

For your Epilogue, I have ſo much Charity to believe it (being of a different Thread of Language) none of your own; but either penn'd for you by your muſty *Peters*, or elſe you writ Short-hand very well to copy after the Speech of his Tongue. However you came by it, ſure I am it could come from no Body elſe; and having ſaid

ſo, I hope I ſhall need ſay no more; for I ſhall be loath to commit the Sin of repeating any of it: But ſince 'tis but a Frippery of common places of Pulpit Railing, ill put together, that pretend only to Paſſion, I am content you ſhould uſe them your ſelf, and be allowed to ſay any thing with as little regard as if you wore your Privilege: Yet leſt you ſhould grow ſo conceited as to believe your ſelf, I will take *Solomon's* Advice, and anſwer you not in your own way of Railing or Falſhood, but in doing ſome Right to Truth and the Memory of the Dead, which you have equally injured.

# THE CHARACTER OF King CHARLES I.

## By Mr. BUTLER.

THAT he was a Prince of incomparable Vertues his very Enemies cannot deny, (only they were not for their purpose) and those so unblemish'd with any personal Vice, that they were fain to abuse the Security of

his Innocence, both to accuse and ruin him. His Moderation (which he preserved equal in the Extremity of both Fortunes) they made a common Disguise for their contrary Impalations, as they had occasion to miscal it, either an Easiness to be inflicted by others, or Obstinacy to rule by his own Will. This Temper of his was so admirable that neither the highest of Temptations, Adoration and Flattery, nor the lowest of Misery, Injuries, the Insolency of Fools, could move him. His Constancy to his own Vertues, was no mean Cause of his Undoing: for if he had not stated the Principles of Government upon unalterable Right, but could have shifted his Sails to catch the popular Air when it grew high (as his Enemies did) they had never undone him with empty Pretendings to what he really meant. His Wisdom and Knowledge were of so noble a Capacity, that nothing lay so much out of his reach as the profound Wickedness of his Enemies, which his own Goodness would never give him leave to suspect, nor his Experienc'd Power

to

*to diſcover; for they managed the whole Courſe of his Ruin, as they did the laſt Act of it, in Diſguiſe; elſe ſo great a Wit as his had never been circumvented by the Treachery and Cheat, rather than Policy of ignorant Perſons. All he wanted of a King was, he knew not how to diſſemble, unleſs concealing his own Perfections were ſo; in which he only deceived his People, who knew not his great Abilities, till their Sins were puniſhed with the Loſs of him. In his Death, he not only out-did the high Reſolution of the ancient* Romans, *but the humble Patience of the primitive Martyrs; ſo far from the manner of Tyrants, who uſe to wiſh all the World their Funeral Pile, that he employed the Care of his laſt Thoughts about the Safety of his very Enemies, and died not only conſulting, but praying for the Preſervation of thoſe whom he knew reſolved to have none, but what was built upon their own Deſtruction.*

All,

All this, and much more, the Juſtice of Poſterity (when Faction and Concernment are removed) will acknowledge to be more true of him, than any of thoſe Slanders you (or the mad Wickedneſs of this Age) have thrown upon his Memory, which ſhall then, like Dung caſt at the Roots of Trees, but make his Name more flouriſhing and glorious; when all thoſe Monuments of Infamy you have raiſed, ſhall become the Trophies of his Vertue, and your own Shame. In the mean time, as your own Conſcience, or the Expectation of Divine Vengeance, ſhall call upon you, you will ſee what you have done, and find there is no Murther ſo horrid, as that which is committed with the Sword of Juſtice; nor any Injuſtice ſo notorious, as that which takes Advantage both of the firſt ſilence of the Living, and that of the Dead: In this laſt, you have been very ſinful; and, in accuſing the Dead, have not behaved yourſelf ſo like a Saint at the Day of Judgment, as the Devil, whoſe Office is to be Solicitor-General in ſuch Caſes. I will not judge you, leſt

I

I ſhould do worſe, imitate you. But certainly you will find it the worſt kind of Witchcraft, to raiſe the Devil by ſacrificing to your own Malice, eſpecially to ſo bad a purpoſe as you have done, that you might invade the Judgment-ſeat of Chriſt, and uſurp his Juriſdiction before his Coming, which you have preſumed to do with more Rudeneſs than *Hacket* uſed, and leſs Formality in not ſending your Fore-runner to proclaim (in a Turnep-Cart) your coming to Judgment. But the worſt of all is, you ſeem to glory in your Sins, and aſſert the Martyrdom of your Wickedneſs, for having ſuppoſed a Poſſibility you may fall by the Hands of Violence: You arm yourſelf with a fore'd Reſolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of; for you have no reaſon to think any Man can believe you have deſerved a violent Death; no, you have deſerved rather to live long; ſo long, till you ſee your ſelf become the Controverſy of wild Beaſts, and be fain to prove our Scare-crow. Unleſs you ſhall think it juſt, that as you have

been

been condemned out of your own Mouth, ſo you ſhould fall by your own Hand. Indeed there was not a Hangman bad enough for *Judas*, but himſelf, and when you ſhall think fit to do your ſelf ſo much Right, you ſhall be your own Sooth-ſayer, and fall by the Hand of a *Raviliac*, to whom with more Likeneſs compare your ſelf, than to *Henry* the Fourth, for you are no King. What *Raviliac* was, is very well known; what you are, I leave to your own Conſcience.

A

# *Thought upon Death,*

After hearing of the Murder of

# King *CHARLES I.*

By Mr. *SAMUEL BUTLER.*

THE Glories of our Birth and State
Are Shadows, not ſubſtantial Things:
There is no Armour againſt Fate,
Death lays his Icy Hands on Kings.
Scepter and Crown
Muſt tumble down,
And in the Duſt be equal laid,
With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.

Some

Some Men with Swords may reap the (Field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill,
But their strong Nerves at last must (yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring (Breath,
Whilst the pale Captive yields to Death.

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The Garlands wither on your Brow,
Then boast no more your mighty Deeds,
Upon Death's purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds.
All Heads must come
To the cold Tomb;
Only the Actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

# GOOD ADVICE
## IN
# BAD TIMES.

A Satyrical Poem.

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By Mr. BUTLER, Author of *Hudibras*.

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*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year 1714.

# GOOD ADVICE

IN

# BAD TIMES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

By Mr. BUTLER, Author of Hudibras.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1714.

# *Good Advice in Bad Times.*

ROwze up, Great *Charles*! thy Courage show,
Or Faction soon will bring Thee low:
Some must be Banish'd, others Swing,
Or Thou must cease to be a King.
No credit give to Villain *Oats*,
Be not amus'd with Popish Plots;
No Foreign Troops of Pilgrims fear,
Nor Popish Armies in the Air;
But guard thy Throne against the base
Designs of those that boast of Grace,

And

And plead thereby, as Times go now,
A better Right to Rule than Thou.
Take care of *Tony* and his Party,
They are the Rogues that mean to hurt thee.
The Tories love thee and obey thee,
None but the Rebel Whigs betray thee,
The ſtubborn wicked Spawn of thoſe
That ſtruggl'd for the Good Old Cauſe,
Till they thy Royal Sire ſubdu'd,
And in his Blood their Hands imbru'd;
Theſe are the only Snakes that ſting thee
And if not crush'd will ſoon unking thee;
For thou haſt warm'd them till they bite thee,
The way they always will requite thee.
Therefore look round thy Court, good Prince,
And baniſh all ſuch Serpents thence.
Mercy, that Attribute divine,
Hath been thy Fathers fault and thine;

His

His Clemency and Goodneſs coſt
Himſelf and Subjects all they loſt;
And thine, if thou wilt ſtill reſtrain
Thy Juſtice, will abridge thy Reign;
For Whigs believe that Mercy ſprings
Alone from Cowardiſe in Kings;
And therefore but inſult the more,
When Princes moderate their Pow'r.

Baniſh thy ſpurious Son the Land,
Let him no more thy Troops command;
Withdraw thy fondneſs from the Fool,
Thy Darling, but the Party's Tool;
A Fencing, Riding, Cringing Thing,
That courts the Mob to make him King,
An empty, dancing, fiery Bauble,
Ador'd by Strumpets and the Rabble;
The Ladies Idol at a Ball,
The Stallion of thy Court *Whitehal*;

Who

Who got, Great *Charles*, by thee, retains
Thy Princely Luſt, but wants thy Brains,
Which makes ſome think when you (contented
His Mother, that your Head diſſented,
And that's the Cauſe the Foppiſh Ape
Has nothing of thee but thy Shape.

Beware of thoſe that ſerve the Crown,
And yet in publick cry thee down,
Who ſneak and fawn about thy Perſon,
But tamper with thy fooliſh Whoreſon,
And by falſe Arguments enſnare
The Youth to think he is thy Heir,
When thou thyſelf muſt own there's one
Much nearer than a Baſtard Son;
Therefore if thou art wiſe, in ſpight
Of Whigs, aſſert thy B——'s Right,
For if thou doſt their Humours pleaſe,
They'll queſtion thine as well as his.

Be watchful of the Factious City,
Who hate thee, tho they often treat thee.
Hug close their Wives, get Loyal Heirs,
For Sheriffs, Aldermen and May'rs;
Make Cuckolds of the wealthy Crew,
And, like Sir *Robert*, Knight 'em too.
Thus kiss their Ladies, like a King,
And keep 'em poor by borrowing;
A speedier way to raise Supplies,
Than all thy Council can advise,
Now Faction rule the Commons House,
And swear they'll give thee not a Souse,
'Cause *Portsmouth* sends o'er Guinea Pies
To *France*, or else the Publick lyes:
And *Nelly* lives in greater State,
Than thy own Royal Consort *Kate*.
Therefore, Great *Charles*! if thou (would'st please
Thy Foes, turn off thy Mistresses,

And

And then the Parliament, they ſay,
Will grant thee Sums without delay.
But ſure thy Wiſdom muſt foreknow,
That if you condeſcend ſo low,
To Live or Reign as they would have (thee,
They'd make ſuch Laws as ſhould en- (ſlave thee;
Still keep thee poor, be finding fau't,
Complain, but give thee not a Groat;
Be therefore careful how you grant
Too large Conceſſions in your Want;
No Branch of Royal Power ſell,
Give 'em an Inch they'll take an Ell.
Thou know'ſt they only want to bring (thee
To what will ruin and unking thee;
And then thou'lt, like thy Father, find
The ſad effects of being kind
To Faction, who intend no other
Than to deſtroy thee and thy Brother.

Since

Since these are the Rebellious Drifts
Of those that put thee to thy Shifts,
Exert thy Pow'r deriv'd of God,
And make them tremble at thy Nod;
Boldly assert thy Right Divine,
And lop those Heads that aim at thine,
Or thou wilt find the Sons of those
That were thy Father's restless Foes
Will to destruction drive or lead thee,
And all the *Stuarts* that succeed thee;
For *Root and Branch* work is their aim
Which they'll compleat, unless the
Severity be us'd with them. (same

Then learn of *Harry* to chastise
Thy stubborn factious Enemies,
And keep thy P--------s in awe,
With stamp of Foot and threatning *Haw*.

Or

Or else the C------will in time
Above their Royal Sov'reign climb:
And *England* boast, when thou'rt (undone,
Five-hundred Kings instead of one.

# THE CHARACTER OF A FANATICK.

By Mr. *BUTLER.*

*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year M DCC XIV.

# THE CHARACTER OF A FANATICK.

BRITISH MUSEUM



LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCC XII.

# THE CHARACTER OF A FANATICK.

IN *London* Streets is often seen
A hum-drum Saint whoſe Holy Mein
Denotes the proud Enthuſiaſtick
To be Religiouſly Fantaſtick;
His Looks moſt primitively wear
An ancient Abrahamick Ayre;

And, like bad Copies of a Face,
The good Original disgrace:
A Hawkbil Nose divides his Cheeks,
And tunes his Cant whene'er he speaks,
Whilst on his Breast one Hand he lays,
That Fools may credit what he says;
Tho' Int'rest always bribes his Tongue,
To represent things right or wrong,
And is the Loadstone that attracts
The Saint to all he speaks or acts.
As Beauty draws the am'rous Youth
To swear repugnant to the Truth,
And, Zealot like, to grace his Lyes
With upcast Looks and feigned Sighs.
His Head stands mounted on a Neck
As stubborn as a Post or Stake,
That will not suff'r 'im to bow down
To Altar, Miter, or the Crown,

Affirm.

Affirming ſtifly, they're no more
Than Trappings of the Scarlet Whore:
Yet has a Joint that alway's bends
When 'tis to gain his own ble Ends.
Thus when there's nothing to be got
Submiſſion is a deadly Fau't;
But upon e'ery new occaſion,
When Int'reſt is the grand temptation,
Then Conſcience gives a diſpenſation.
His Coat, whoſe Colour is moſt grave,
Yet carries in its Sleeve a Knave;
Tho' new, derives its ancient Faſhion
From good old Times of Reformation,
When Blunderbus and Baſket-Hilt
More Blood than Fire and Faggot ſpilt,
And Zealots, by Diſſention Civil
Got th'upper-hand of Pope and Devil.
His Hat, whoſe Painthouſe Brims ſecure
His formal Weeds from rainy Show'r,

Hangs on his *Occiput* moſt quaintly,
To make the Knave appear more faintly
And from the ſight of back Beholders,
Skreens his long Neck and ſtooping
(Shoulders.
His Hair in greaſy Locks hangs down
As ſtrait as Candles, from his Crown,
And ſhades the borders of his Face,
Whoſe outward Signs of inward Grace
Are only viſible in ſpightful
Grimaces, very ſtern and frightful;
As if he thought no Man could be
A zealous Foe to Popery,
Except his Looks declare his Malice
To Altar, Candleſticks and Chalice.
The Band he wears is very broad,
Exceeding far the common Mode,
Juſt ſuch as Kniperdolin wore
On Doublet-Collar heretofore,
When

When e'ery Madman that could cant
Of Saving Grace, was thought a Saint,
Provided he could cry aloud
But Reformation to the Crowd,
That some Arch Villain, by his Craft,
Like *Noll*, might raise himself aloft,
And under that deceitful Curse
Of mending, make all Matters worse;
As Tinkers, when they undertake
To stop one Hole, two bigger make.
That e'ery piece of Work may end
In something that is new to mend.

His Head is full of Feats and Fictions,
His Conscience form'd of Contradictions.
Is therefore never long content
With any Church or Government,
But fancies e'ery thing that is,
For want of mending, much amiss.

So consequentially would vary
All things to something quite contrary,
As if he thinks, whatever we crave,
Is better far than what we have;
And therefore still is disagreeing
With every thing that is in being.
Thus, like the Moon that's always ranging,
Seems destin'd to perpetual changing,
And restless as the sublune Tide,
In crooked Channels loves to glide.

His stubborn Pride and zealous Folly
Arise from Temper melancholy,
Which in his Looks imprints a Sadness
That shews him really dis-tracted;
Therefore he does not chuse on mild
His Faith by any Scripture Rule;
But by the Vapours that torment
His Brains, from Hypocondria sent,

Which into Dreams and Viſions turn,
And make his Zeal ſo fiercely burn,
That Reaſon loſes the aſcendant,
And all within grows independant.
*So when the Lees of Ale or Wine*
*Condenſe below, the Liquor's fine;*
*But when the nauſeous Dregs break loose*
*They ſour and ſpoil the noble Juice.*

The quaint deportment of the Knave
Is always wonderfully grave,
And e'ery Sentence that he ſays
Digeſted into Scripture Phraſe:
His Actions ſo demure as if
To be a Saint was to be ſtiff,
And that Religion muſt agree
The beſt with dull Formality.
Regeneration, Reprobation,
Election and Predeſtination,

Are the chief Points on which he cants,
When mix'd among his Brother Saints,
In which Fanatical Discourses,
He summons all his Scripture Forces,
To prove all such as do accord
With him the chosen of the Lord;
But that the Papists are accurs'd
'Tis plain in *Canticles* the first;
Therefore he joins their Holy Father
The Pope and Dev'l so close together,
That both may equal Terror strike,
And by the Saints be fear'd alike.

His Christian Charity is such,
He ne'er thinks what he gives too much,
'Tis plain, because he ne'er is known
To give one Farthing of his own;
Therefore as nothing is no charge,
It can't be thought a Gift too large.

His

His Dealings are ſo juſt and plain
He never Cheats but when he can;
And where he finds he cannot bite ye,
He'll prove too honeſt to outwit ye:
But if your Judgment you poſtpone,
And to his Conſcience truſt alone,
No humane Juſtice will he do,
But uſe you worſe than *Turk* or *Jew*,
Yet Vow, Proteſt, and Scripture plead,
As if he was a Saint indeed.
Such are that old Fanatick Strain
Of Whigs that envy *Charles*'s Reign,
Inſatiate Rebels, whom no Law
Can govern, or good Monarch awe;
A ſtubborn reſtleſs Generation,
O'ercome with Dogſtar Zeal and Paſſion.
Impatient of the higheſt Place,
To which they plead a Right by Grace.
Cruel in Pow'r and reſtleſs out,
When moſt Rebellious moſt devout,

Making

Making Religion a Diſguiſe,
Or Cloak to all their Villanies;
As if they thought the ſame deſign'd
For nothing but a Holy Blind;
Therefore like Harlots ſeldom uſe it,
Except to ſhame it and abuſe it.
From ſuch implacable Tormentors,
Fanaticks, Hypocrites, Diſſenters,
Whigs, Roundheads, call 'em what you (pleaſe:
I ſay, from Rebels ſuch as theſe,
May God preſerve the Church & Throne
And *Charles the Wiſe* that ſits thereon:
Nor may their Plots exclude his Heirs
From reigning when the Right is theirs,
But may the *Stuarts* trample down
Thoſe Enemies to Church and Crown:
For ſhould the Foot the Head command
And Faction gain the upper hand,
We muſt expect a ruin'd Land.

*The*

# *The Morning's Salutation:*

OR, A

# Friendly Conference

Between a

# *Puritan Preacher*

AND A

# Family of his Flock,

Upon the 30th of *January.*

By Mr. BUTLER.

*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year 1714.

LONDON:

BY M. BAXTER.

# The Morning's Salutation:

OR, A

# Friendly Conference

Between a

## Puritan Preacher and a Family of his Flock, upon the 30th of January.

*Preacher.*

GOod Morrow to thee: how dost do?
I only just call'd in to shew
My Love, upon this blessed Day,
As I, by chance, came by this way.

Grace,

Grace, Peace, and Faith be unto thee,
And all this chosen Family.

*Husband.*

My Soul does very much rejoice
To see thee, and to hear thy Voice:
I bless the Lord to find thee thus
Abound in Health as well as us,
And hope thou art dispos'd to stay
A while and comfort us this Day.

*Preacher.*

I think I shall not stay to Dine,
But the Lord's Will be done, not mine.
Where's thy good Wife, methinks I want
To see her, she's a Pious Saint;
In Wedlock thou art truly blest,
Of Women she's the very best.
Pray let her know that I am here,
And tell her I desire to see her.

*Husband.*

*Husband.*

The Lord preserve her! here she comes,
Sh'as just been sweeping out her Rooms,
You must excuse her Huswif's Dress,
She's always doing, I profess.

*Wife.*

I'm very happy, worthy Sir,
To see so great a Stranger here;
I hope good Madam *Clark* is well,
And pritty Mrs. *Abigail*.
Dear Sir, I wish I could have seen
Them here, how blest should I have been;
Tho' I'm asham'd, I must confess,
T'appear in such a homely Dress.

*Preacher.*

Thou'rt a good Woman, thou hast Grace
That best adorns a beauteous Face;
I think thy Weeds become thee well,
Thou wouldst not dress like *Jezabel*.

To

To tell thee truth, I've seldom seen
A Wife more lovely or more clean.
Give me thy Hand, thou fruitful Bride;
The Lord at all times be thy Guide:
How do thy little Comforts fare?
Those tender Twigs, their Parents Care;
Pray call 'em hither, let me bless
Those pritty hopeful Babes of Grace.

*Wife.*

Here, *Aram*, come, my little Saint,
Where's your low Bow to Mr. *Cant*?
Daughter! Where art? Come hither *Ruth*!
Fie, pull your Fingers from your Mouth.
Look up, my Dear, hold up your Head.
Where's your fine Curt'sy? There's my (Maid.

*Preacher.*

Lord sanctify these Lambs, and grant
That they thy Grace may never want:

Shew

Shew 'em thy ways, that they may be
A Comfort to thy Spouse and thee;
The Lord sufficiently hath shew'd
His Love to both in such a Brood.
May they still greater Blessings grow
To thee that brought 'em forth in woe;
And as their Years encrease, inherit
A double portion of the Spirit.

*Wife.*

Thanks to you, rev'rend Sir, may Heaven
Reward the Blessing you have given.
*Rebecca*, take my Closet Key
And fetch that Bottle unto me
Thy Master brought me home last Night
For Palm, and said he knew 'twas right;
And with the Bottle pray bring in
A Glass, take care you wash it clean.

*Preacher.*

*Preacher.*

I hope thou doſt not think that I
Drink Wine, except I'm ſick or dry;
I ne'er take any thing that's ſtrong,
One Glaſs I fear will do me wrong,
E'en let it reſt upon the Shelf,
Thou'dſt better keep it for thy ſelf.

*Wife.*

Good Sir, vouchſafe, at my requeſt,
To drink this Glaſs, 'tis but a taſte,
It holds but half a Pint at moſt,
Will you be pleas'd to have a Toaſt.

*Preacher.*

No, by no means, if I muſt take
So large a Doſe 'tis for thy ſake.
Good Lord give thou a Bleſſing to it,
That when it's down I may not rue it.
Well, 'tis exceeding good indeed,
I wiſh it mayn't offend my Head.

May'ſt

May'ſt thee, at all times, for thy eaſe,
Abound in Comforts, ſuch as theſe.
'Tis a prime Cordial, I proteſt,
This ought not to be drank in waſte.

*Huſband.*

Alas, one Glaſs, Sir, will not warm ye,
I'm ſure a ſecond cannot harm ye;
Cold Weather does ſtrong Wine require.
Fill out, my Dear, —— A little higher.
Pray give the Glaſs to Mr. *Cant.*
So long a Walk may make him faint.

*Preacher.*

Thou beſt of all good Women! hold
Thy Hand, conſider I am old.
Thou art too bountiful, I vow,
Thy Love is too abounding now.
Lord ſanctify this Cordial Juice,
And make it wholſome for our uſe.

Well!

Well! ... 'tis a comfortable Creature
In truth I think I ne'er drank better.
I can but thank ye for your Love,
'Tis now, I doubt, high time to move

*Wife.*

Nay, Sir, I hope you'll stay and Dine,
Besides, here's almost half the Wine:
Pray, Sir, except, before you go,
Of t'other Glass, and don't say no.
And if you're not engag'd elsewhere,
You're welcome to our homely fare.

*Preacher.*

Thou art so kind, I needs must say,
I scarce know how to go or stay.
What Dinner hast thou, friendly Crea-
Alas, I'm but a pidling Eater. (ture,

*Wife.*

I must confess we have not dress'd
What's worthy of so good a Guest;

Yet

Yet 'tis a Diſh that we may ſay
Is ſuited to the preſent Day:
'Tis a Calf's Head, to tell you truth,
I wiſh ſuch Fare may fit your Tooth.

*Preacher.*

Bleſs me, the beſt and only Diſh,
Upon this Day, that I could wiſh.
No Food beſides could ſo delight
My Eyes, and eke my Appetite.
Good pious Saints, that you ſhould join
Your Hearts ſo mutually with mine.
Well, give me now the other Glaſs,
I ſee that you abound in Grace,
The L---d of Mercy and of Pow'r
Hath Bleſſings for ſuch Saints in ſtore.
I cannot bid ye now farewel,
Thy Invitation muſt prevail.
Methinks from Heav'n I hear a Voice,
That bids me tarry and rejoice.

*Huſband.*

*Husband.*

None can more truly welcome be;
Therefore I hope, Sir, you'll be free.
This is a Day of Joy and Mirth
Among the Saints that dwell on Earth
This and the Fifth Day of *November*
We're always careful to remember,
Both which deserve the utmost rev'rence
For our remarkable Deliverance.

*Preacher.*

'Tis very true, we ought to praise
The Lord upon these blessed Days,
And typify the Fall of him
That caus'd the Land in Blood to swim.
So good a Dish, on such a Day,
What Christian can refuse to stay.
But tho' I tarry here to Dine,
Pray do not send for any Wine.

*Husband.*

*Husband.*

A little, Sir,---Wife send the Maid
For two of Palm and two of Red:
This Day we always drink, you know,
To th' Pious Hand that gave the Blow.

*Preacher.*

The Lord direct thee! Prithee do
What thy own Mind inclines thee to.
But I must crave thy leave to light
One Pipe to whet my Appetite.
When that is done we'll shut the Door,
And praise the L---d for half an Hour.

# TWO LETTERS;

One from

*John Audland*, a Quaker,

TO

WILLIAM PRYNNE.

The other,

*William Prynne's*

# ANSWER;

In the Year 1672.

By *SAMUEL BUTLER*, Author of *Hudibras.*

*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year 1714.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# *John Audland's* LETTER TO WILLIAM PRYNNE.

*William Prynne,*

THOU perpetual Scribe, Pharisee and Hypocrite, born to the destruction of *Paper*, and most unchristian effusion of *Ink*; thou *Egyptian* Taskmaster of the Press, and unmerciful destroyer of Goose-Quills, that dost

plunder and ſtrip thy poor kindred naked to the Skin, to maintain thyſelf in a tyrannical and arbitrary way of Scribling againſt thy Brethren, even the *Independants* and *Quakers*, over whom thou ſetteſt up thyſelf as an unrighteous Judge; for a Righteous Judge hath an Ear for both Parties, and thou haſt none for either. Verily, *William*, thou doſt Evil, and againſt the Light within thee, to accuſe thy Brethren of that, whereof thou art more guilty thyſelf; for tho' they break an Act of Parliament, yet thou didſt worſe, when thou wouldſt have made one thyſelf, after thou hadſt engaged thy Faith unto the Houſe, that thou wouldſt never lift up thy Heel againſt them more: Truly, thou ſheweſt thyſelf in this, no better than a *Jew*, in throwing the firſt Stone at them, unleſs thou were innocent thyſelf, and all thy Fundamental, Municipal, Common, Natural Law, will not ſerve to prove thee other, who haſt been judged by the Laws of the Land as a Phariſee, to wear a *Philactery* in publick, and haſt had thine Ears bored through, according to the *Moſaical*

*Jewish* Law: And I fear thy pretended Conversion to Christianity is but in order to something else, even as the *Mahometans* (they say) will not admit a *Jew* to turn *Turk*, unless he first become a *Christian*: And that is the reason why thou art so cruel (like a Renegado) to those of thine own Sect; yea, even unto those in whose Quarrel thou hast lost Leather; for as one of thy Ears was cut off for *Presbytery*, even so was the other for *Independency*. But now I speak of thine *Ears*, give me leave to ask thee one Question; I have heard, that those who have lost their Legs, do sometimes nevertheless feel Pains in their Toes; and I would fain know, whether toward change of Weather, thou dost not feel a kind of itching and tingling in those defunct *Parings* of thine, especially when *Presbytery* and *Government* are like to peep out again. For what else does thy railing against the Bishops (as well as us) hold forth? but that thou art the very same *Will. Prynne*, Utter Barrister, that didst heretofore publish against them so many ridiculous Hat-cases and Band-boxes,

in which thy Works are always bound up, and are to be sold on the Southside of *Paul's* Church-yard, where thy Stationers live. Among those, I have seen thy Title-pages pasted, like Mountebanks Bills, in which thou dost always write *Reformation*, *Law*, *Religion*, and *Fundamental* in Capital Letters, even as those Quacks do *Pox* and *Running of the Reins*, and both to the same purpose, namely, to deceive the Reader, and vapour of more than thou art able to perform. But O! the verbosity of thy Writings! *Solomon* saith, *In many Words there is folly*; and thou hast prov'd it true: For thou writest perpetually in the Language of a *Conveyance*, and dost not Indite, but Draw; and when thou shalt answer for every *idle Word*, all the Bills and Answers in *Chancery* will rise up in Judgment against thee. For thou usest so many impertinent Tautologies, that thy Reader can never understand what thou meanest, unless he should take the Pains to draw Breviates of thy senceless Repetitions, which is unsufferable, and not to be endured by a Free-born *English-*

*Iſh-man*. And this ſerves thee to the ſame purpoſe that *Hems* and *Hahs* do thy Gifted Ghoſtly Fathers, that is, to loſe time, and put off thy Commodity, namely, Waſte-Paper, whereof thou endeavoureſt to obtain the *Monopoly*, and thereby undo hundreds of Families that live by writing lewd and profane Plays; for when thou haſt ingroſt the whole Commodity of Waſte-Paper into thine own Hands, their Works will be left upon theirs; and in this thou takeſt a more wiſe and rational Courſe, than thou didſt heretofore in writing Indentures againſt them. For thou knoweſt not how to write in any other Strain; and therefore to let thee ſee how eaſy it is to attain unto thy Gift, I will now ſpeak unto thee a few words in thine own way. Doſt thou not remember, *William Prynne*, when the long Parliament, according to the ancient, known, fundamental, eſtabliſhed Cuſtom, Practice, Uſage, Example of all Rebels, Traytors, Cades, Tylers, Straws, ſet open the Priſons, Goals, Dungeons, Cages, and took the Priſoners, Felons, Malefactors, Jayl-birds,

into their Protection, Patronage, Safeguard, Tuition, and, among others, thy self, *William Prynne* aforesaid, with thy Brethren, Companions, Copemates, Associates, *Burton*, *Bastwick*, *Lilburn*, *Foe*, &c. How the Saints, Brethren, godly, well-affected, rod out to meet thee, with the Sisters, Helpers, Damsels, Handmaids, behind them, on the Tail of the Beast, stuck with Anti-christian, Superstitious, Idolatrous *Rosemary* and *Bays*, to celebrate, welcome, and congratulate thy Remitter! How they dawb'd, dash'd, defiled, and polluted thee the said *William Prynne*, with Dirt, Puddle, Greetings, Salutation, that thou didst look more like unto a Pimp, Pander, Bawd newly Carted, than an Utter-Barrister Triumphant; and with how dirty and filthy a Grace, Fashion and Demeanor thou didst bow, stoop, and lowt to thine Idolaters, the Rabble-Rout crowd on both sides of the Street, or Streets, who made an Idol of the *Rings* of thine *Ears*, even as the *Jews* did of their *Ear-Rings*. This, verily, *William*, is thy perfect Stile, and right manner

ner of Expreſſion, in which thou art the freer of thy windy Stuff, becauſe thou comeſt eaſily by it, for thou doſt but turn over thy Concordances, and the Indexes of thy Books, and whereſoever thou findeſt any thing of *Quake*, *Tremble* and *Shake*, from the motion of the Heavens to the wagging of a Dogs-tail, thou applieſt it right or wrong unto *Us*; and that it may ſeem to be to ſome purpoſe, thou doſt always print it in *CAPITAL LETTERS*, becauſe ſuch were heretofore, to very good purpoſe, imprinted on thy Cheeks by the Miniſtration of that Son of *Belial*, the Executioner. But I cannot underſtand how thou, or thy Rabble of Saints, could anſwer the Churches for committing the abominable Sin of *Bays* and *Roſemarineſs*, which they had before, and have ſince ſo often condemned; for if it be Idolatrous and Superſtitious (as they have determined) to ſtick thoſe Creatures in the Windows of Steeple-houſes, much more muſt it be on their own Veſſels. All that they have (in my Opinion) to ſay for themſelves, is, that they ſerv'd thee up

(like

(like a *Weſtphalia* Ham) with Bays, as thou art a Pagan Poet, according to the profane Cuſtom of thy Foreſathers the Heathen; thof he that has the patience to read thy vile untainable Ditties, will rather take thee for an *Iriſh* Rat-catcher, that is ſaid to Rhime Vermin to Death, than the *Engliſh Prudentius* or *Robert Wiſdom* Junior, as ſome of thine own Tribe ſtile thee, according to the Fleſh; for thou doſt abuſe Scripture moſt unconſcionably, againſt its own expreſs command, in caſting Holy Things into Doggerel, which is worſe and more abominable than unto Dogs; and this thou performeſt ſo dully, that ſome of the *Virtuoſo's* have been puzzled to find out the reaſon of it, till they were informed, that when thou writeſt, thou doſt uſe always to ſet a Death's Head on thy Deſk before thee, as one *Campanello* a Popiſh Frier, is ſaid to have done the Pictures of thoſe to whom he intended to addreſs his Writings, and found it moſt certain, upon ſeveral Experiments, that the Perſon to the Reſemblance of whoſe Countenance he could neareſt force and ſcrew his

own, was always most pleas'd with his Writings: And this they are confident is the natural reason why thy Compositions are so flat and dull, that they will hardly hold till the Ink is dry, and when they are printed, not one of an hundred will endure the Stitching, but turn to such homely Uses as they are most fit and proper for. Truly, *William*, if I were your Friend, I should advise you to leave this freak of the Death's Head, lest the young Gentleman of the House surprise you again, (as you know they once did at Midnight) and make you drink Health's-Sickness in it again on your bare Marrow-bones. But I wonder in what part of the World thy Readers live, if there are any such Creatures in Nature! verily, they ought to have their Shoulders grow above their Heads (like *John Mandeuil*'s People in *Africk*) for there is more of labour and drudgery than understanding required, and they ought to have a large measure of *Patience*, *Long-suffering*, and *Ignorance*, that can endure to read one Page of thine: For as in the *North*, the

the more dirty and foul the Highways are, the larger meaſure they allow to their Miles; even ſo doſt thou to thy tedious dull impertinencies, inſomuch that ſome are of Opinion, that thy Readers ought to be dieted like Running Nags, before they can be in Breath to read thy long-winded Periods, which none but ſuch as thyſelf will ſubmit to, for if few Words do beſt with the Wiſe, none of thoſe will ever endure to have any thing to do with thee. And yet I have heard, that thou doſt not a little glory, that thy Works have paſt thro' all ſorts of Times, (but only thoſe wherein they were refuted by the hand of thy old Antagoniſt the Hangman) without diſpute or queſtion. It is very true indeed, they are utterly incapable of Confutation, as ſome Places are rendered impregnable by their barren rocky Situations, or by being fortified with Mud-walls and Ditches. He that ſhould venture to encounter thee at thy own Weapon, might be ſaid to revive the old way of fighting with Sandbags, the true Types of thy dry diſjointed Stuff; and beſide, muſt of neceſſity

cite

cite so many several sorts of Wares from *Plumbo* and *Sugar*, to *Mundungus* and *Rotshane*, with which thy Works are always bound up, that his Writings will be charged with Quotations, as full and dull as thine own? But since so many *Chandlers* and *Haberdashers of small Wares*, have undertaken to confute thee, and proceeded so far therein already, it were an Act of great Imprudence to take the Task out of their Hands who are best able to go through with it. And therefore I shall leave it to them to determine, whether thou hast substantially and solidly prov'd the *Quakers* to be Jesuitical Romish Capuchin Frogs, with Masks on their Faces, put on by the Jesuits and pull'd off by thee, as thou dost confidently undertake to perform in thy Title Page. Truly, *William*, I do confess those Jesuits are dangerous Fellows, thou hadst best look about thee and have a care, for it is verily believ'd by many knowing Persons, that they have always set thee on work no less than the *Independants*; and have receiv'd a better return from thy

Horse-

Horſe-like Drudgery, tho' thou haſt no more Wit to perceive than a Fool has to know by what hand it is ſet on work. And if they bewitched the *Quakers* (as thou doſt confidently affirm) it is moſt certain they have drawn thee into that Feat too. For if it be true, as ſome carnal Learned Men aver, that Witches fetch the materials of their Medicines from Gibbets and Pillories, the Parings of thine Ears have been among their Ingredients, and thou art guilty thereof.

But I fear I begin to be like thee, that is, tedious to no purpoſe, for I do not expect that any thing can do good upon thee, who haſt been ſo often incorrigible to the Laws; for as the ſtrength of two Men in their Wits is not ſufficient to hold down and quiet one Madman, even ſo art thou proof againſt all Reaſon and Light, and therefore I will caſt away no more upon thee, but leaving thee to thine own Darkneſs, with the old ſaying, bid thee twice Good-night.

*John Audland.*

# THE ANSWER OF WILLIAM PRYNNE,

*John Audland,*

THOU Quaking Quack, Jesuitical Romish Franciscan Frog, see my *Quaker Unmasked*, pag. 1, 12. Thou that art the Devil's Dice-Box, which he SHAKES, Rattles, Wags, to gull, cheat, delude, and seduce the intoxicated giddy-headed

headed *English Nation*. Thou art ſick of thy Church, and haſt catch'd thy Religion like a Palſy, Epilepſy, Ague, and art taken with Tertian, Quartan, Quotidian cold Fits, at thy Superſtitious, Idolatrous Jeſuitical Meetings, Aſſemblies, Conventicles. See my *Health's Sickneſs*, p. 150. *The Northern Blaſt*, p. 90. *The Pope croſſing the Cudgels*, p. 297. Whereas thou ſay'ſt I have no Ears, *&c.* therein thou ſhewest that thou haſt no Light, Reaſon, Underſtanding; for as a Houſe is judged to be a Houſe in Law as long as any part thereof is ſtanding; and a light piece of Gold is good and lawful *Engliſh* Coin, current with allowance, altho' it be clip'd, filed, waſhed or worn; even ſo are my *Ears*, legal, warrantable, and ſufficient *Ears*, and good in Law, however they have been clip'd, par'd, crop'd, circumcis'd, and I have a better Title to the Remainders than thou haſt to thine, for they have been twice adjudged to me by the Laws of the Land, which thine never were. For thoſe parcels, ſcraps, ſhreds, that I was deprived of, did but confirm my

Right

Right to those that are (see my own Abridgment at large, *page* 29. *Lisle upon Gerrard*, pag. 26. *The Legality of Treason*, in two Parts, S. C. upon both, *pag.* 666.) left, for *exceptio firmat legem in casibus non exceptis.*

This shews that the Light within thee, of which thou dost vapour, brag, vaunt, and extol thyself so much, is but a kind of dusky Owl-light, a trembling, twinkling, stinking stuff, which thou carriest in thy Paunch, Guts, Bowels, as an Ox, Bull or Cow doth Tallow to make Candles of, or the Cattle of *Lincolnshire* do the Fewel of the Country; and thou knowest who it was that looked over *Lincoln*, and cried, *All's mine*, as he will in time do over ye *Quakers*, Frogs, Vipers. See my *Hidden Works of Darkness*, pag. 400. *A Looking-glass for a blind Guide*, p. 79. *Fryers a Fry of Frogs*, p. 220, *&c.*

Whereas thou sayest, urgest and objectest, that I would have made an *Act of Parliament*, therein thou art mistaken, deceived and deluded, for I would rather have marred, spoiled and per-

perverted one according to the Sense, Judgment, and Opinion of the House (and *ejus est interpretari cujus est condere*; see *Bracton*) by putting in, adding and inserting some thing or things of my own Invention, Wit, Contrivance, that had not passed their Votes, and putting out, eracing, and expunging other things, which had, which cannot be said, held, or judged to be a breach of Law, because it was before it was made one, and if it had been so, yet it would have proved no great Crime, Fault, Offence, for *exchange* (thou knowest) *is no robbery*. See *The Foot out of the Snare*, pag. 53. *Prynne's Principles*, p. 200. which is more than you can say, produce, or alledge for yourselves, who are a Generation, Spawn, Litter of Vipers, Frogs, Serpents, so obstinate, peremptory, incorrigible, that you break the Act of Parliament, at the same time that it is put in execution against you, like unto a Cut-purse that picks a Pocket when he is going to be hang'd; for you croud, thrust and intrude yourselves into Prisons by shoals, that you may, in defiance

ance of Law, Government, Authority, meet more than five together, although it be in the Goal. See my *Sword of Christian Magistracy suppressed*, p. 550. The *Sectary dissected*, p. 82.

Whereas thou say'st, I write in the Stile, Form, Language of a *Conveyance*, therein I do according to my Profession, Calling, Vocation, and if thou hadst done so too, thou hadst been but a Mechanick still, and hadst not ordain'd thyself a Hedge-Sir *John*, of an Orderless Order and unruly Rule, the original, rise, or beginning whereof is as uncertain as the Head or Heads of *Nile*, or the hatching of Woodcocks, for no body can tell from whence it came (See *Truth triumphing*, pag. 79. *The Jesuit a Jebusite*, p. 904.) a Church, or rather Chappel indeed, that is built upon a *Quaking Bog* (mark that) or flat Quick-sand, without superior or inferior in it, like the Knights of King *Arthur*'s (See the *Seven Champions of Christendom*) Round Table, or the Serpent *Amphisbæna* (of which see *Pliny*) that has a Head at both ends.

*Maho-*

*Mahomet* the false Prophet of the *Turks*, was the first Prophet, Patriarch, Founder of the *Quakers*: For he had trembling Trances, and frantick Fits of the *Falling-sickness*, in which he had Revelations, Dreams, Visions, whisper'd into his Ear by a Dove, Pidgeon or Widgeon, that he had instructed and taught, used to pick Seeds out of his Ear or Ears; which Seeds are the Seeds of your Church as well as his, for they produce the very same Fruits, Effects, Workings in both, and both equally hope to be saved by him. And hence it is, that all your Wishes, Longings, Desires, are in the *Turks* over-running of Christendom; for as both they and you account Fools, Ideots, Madmen, Saints, you do not doubt but to pass easily for such with them, for your great Abilities in those Gifts. And therefore as your Brethren, the aforesaid *Turkish Mahometan Fanaticks*, devote, destine, damn themselves to destruction, meerly to tire, weary, make work for, and put a stop to the Christians in their Wars; and fill up Ditches, Grafts, Trenches with their Bodies,

Bodies, Carcases, outward Men for their fellow Mussel-men to march over, even so ye also think to weary out the Officers of Justice, with your numberless Numbers, and render yourselves as hard to be cast out as Legion the Devil incorporate did, of whom ye are a Type. See *The Stationers Beacon fired*, p. 1000 *The Sectary in Sippets*, p. 202.

By all which it appears, that ye have a *Turk* as well as a *Pope* in your Bellies, and that ye delight in Perferation, in Affliction, Tribulation, as some old extravagant fantastick Fornicators find a pleasure in being whip'd, and out of these Sores ingender one another, by equivocal Generation, as Flies blow Maggots, which afterwards become Flies and blow others. See my *Rome's Masterpiece*, p. 808. *Settle-brain for a Sectary*, p. 9. *A Syringe for a sore Sinner*, p. 78.

That you are Jesuitical, Romish, Franciscan Frogs, Witches, Sorcerers, appears in that ye meet to quake, tremble, quiver, and converse with your Spirits, Imps, Familiars, and that ye came from *Rome* out of the North,

from

from whence evil and destruction cometh, as I have proved, cleared, demonstrated, and evinced in my *Quaker Unmask'd*, p. 84. *Light in Darkness*, pag. 26. For as the Needle in the Mariners Compass *Trembles*, (mark that) and points to the *North*, even so do ye, ye trembling, quivering, shivering *Quakers*. And as Witches are most frequent in the *North*, and the colder the Climate is, the apter are the Inhabitants thereof (see my *first Answer to thyself*) to quake, &c. It follows, that *Quakers* and *Witches* are of the growth of the same place, and both of the same Nature, Quality, and Condition: For as *Witches* swim upon the Water like light Scum, even so are *Quakers* the Scum of the Earth, that shake themselves like Water-Dogs when they come out of a Pond. See my *Popish Royal Favourite*, p. 80. *Sweet sips of Soul-savingness*, p. 53. Lastly, As *Witches* liquor their Staves and fly through the Air, even so do *Quakers* liquor their Throats with Inchanted Potions, and gape to suck in the Air that it may fly through them, and

blow

blow the Light within them, (See *Emmot and Gilpin*, p. 7. *Aldermanbury Bottle opened*, p. 10.) at their Exorcisms rather than Exercises of Devotion. Whereas thou say'st I was branded, burnt or stigmatiz'd in the Cheek, 'tis true, I was so, nor am I at all asham'd of, sorry for, or abashed thereat, but rather set a greater value on myself therefore, as I believe I have very good cause, consideration to do, for I was only us'd like a sealed Measure, burnt, branded for being true. See my *Verses* written on this occasion in the *Tower* of *London*, *in hac verba*.

*Of this Opinion* William Prynn *was the Sixth day of* March *six hundred thirty* (*three*.

Nor was it improper, unfit, or unbecoming a Man of my Profession, Cloath, Vocation, that is, to measure equal Law right, Justice between Man and Man. See *Truth Triumphing*, p. 10. *The Pricking Provender of Prelacy*, pag. 907.

As for the Jesuits, who thou say'st made use of the scraps of my Ears, to bewitch the Quakers, &c. If they did so, it was no fault of mine, nor am I bound to answer for it; for when the aforesaid Parings, Scraps, Shreds, were sever'd from my Freehold, they were no longer mine, nor am I to be accountable for the evil administration of them, when they were out of my Power, Charge, Tuition. But if they had been in my own possession, and the Jesuits had stollen them to bewitch the *Quakers* to listen to their Enchantments, it is not just that I should answer for their Ears and my own too. See *Speculum Iesoct.* p. 95. *The frantick Franciscan*, p. 700. *A Hole pick'd in the Pope's Coat*, p. 30. Whereas thou say'st the *Brethren, Godly*, &c. *rode out with the Sisters, Helpers*, &c. I do confess, thank, acknowledge their loving kindness therein; and if they did evil in sticking *Rosemary* and *Bays* upon their Vessels, Bodies, outward Folks, as thou say'st, against the Doctrine and Discipline of the *Presbyterian* Church; it is no more

than

than the Members, Tools, Limbs of the Devil and thy Synagogue did to the Patriarch Patron, and Founder of their *James Naylor*, whom they exalted above his Brethren upon an Aſs, and ran bare before both, againſt the Fundamental, known eſtabliſh'd Rule, Canon, Conſtitution of their diſorderly Order. See *The Buckle of the Canonical Girdle turn'd*, p. 63. *The Quaker Quaſh'd*, p. 4.

Whereas thou ſay'ſt my Works are bound up in Hat-caſes, *&c.* If thou would'ſt but buy one of thoſe, and put thy Hat therein, it would operate upon, and inſtil into thy Noddle, ſconce Loggerhead more Senſe, Reaſon, Underſtanding, and teach thee better Manners than to keep it on before a Court of Juſtice: by which thou doſt but ſhew, declare, demonſtrate, that thou haſt a Crack, Flaw, ſoft place in thy Skull; and in that reſpect art very careful to keep it warm, leſt thy ſickly Brains (if thou haſt any) ſhould take cold. And as for thoſe Chandlers and Haberdaſhers of ſmall Wares, *&c.* which thou ſay'ſt have undertaken to

oppose, answer, confute me: Verily, they will find it a harder Task than they are aware of, for I have already Written, Printed, Published 160 odd Works, Books, Labours; and before they have done with those, do not doubt to have as many more in a readiness, and to find Imployment, Work, Business enough for them all; as long as Church and State can furnish, store, supply me with subject matter. Provided I may have process enough to carry on the Work, and can but procure, induce, engage our *Presbyterian* Brethren the *Nonconformists* to help, aid, and assist me, which (it being so much for their own advantage, interest, concernment, and they having at present nothing else to do) I do not doubt to obtain.

*Will. Prynne.*

# THE GENEVA BALLAD.

By Mr. *BUTLER*, Author of *Hudibras.*

I.

OF all the Factions in the Town,
(Wheels,
Mov'd by *French* Springs or *Flemish*
None treads Religion upside down,
Or tears Pretences out at Heels,

Like *Splaymouth*, with his brace of Caps,
Whose Conscience might be scan'd per-
By the dimensions of his Chaps. (haps

II.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all divine,
Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine;
Nay, he can bellow, bray or bark,
Was ever *like* a *Beauk-learn'd Clerk*,
That speaks all *Linguas* of the Ark.

III.

To draw in Proselites like Bees,
With pleasing twang he tones his Prose;
He gives his Handkerchief a squeeze
And draws *John Calvin* thro' his Nose;
Motive on Motive, he obtrudes,
With slip-slocking Similitudes,
Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

When

IV.

When Monarchy began to bleed,
And Treason had a fine new Name;
When *Thames* was balderdash'd with (*Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame;
When *Jeroboam*'s Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd
This Gospel-Comet first appear'd.

V.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers strip'd
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land:
And having smote his Master, slip'd
His Sword into his Fellow's Hand:
But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oft-times the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

VI.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then,
Outweigh'd Qu. *Mary*'s many Grains;
His very Preaching flew more Men,
Than *Bonner*'s Faggots, Stakes and (Chains.
With Dog-Star Zeal and Lungs like (*Boreas*,
He fought and taught, and what's (notorious,
Deſtroy'd his Lord to make him glo- (rious.

VII.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament*,
As if the Wind cou'd ſtand *North-South*
Broke *Moſes*'s Law with bleſt intent,
Murther'd, and then he wip'd his Mouth.
Oblivion alters not his Caſe,
Nor Clemency, nor Acts of Grace,
Can blanch an *Ethiopian*'s Face.

Ripe

VIII.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins*,
But whispers, *Boys, stand to your Arms*.
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,
*Money* I mean, and *Multitude*.

IX.

Magistrates he regards no more
Than St. *George* or the King of *Colen*,
Vowing he'll not conform before
The old Wives wind their Dead in (Woollen.
He calls the Bishop, *Grey-beard Coff*,
And makes his Power as meer a Scoff
As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

X.

Hark! how he opens with full cry,
*Hallow my Hearts, beware of* ROME,
Cowards that are afraid to die.
Thus make domestick Broils at home.
How quietly Great *Charles* might reign,
Would all these Hot-spurs cross the Main,
And preach down Popery in *Spain*.

XI.

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no dissention in the Sky;
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confusion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives,
'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives
But worse where Children play with Knives.

Ewou'd

XII.

I wou'd as soon turn back to Mass,
Or change my Phrase to *Thee* and *Thou*;
Let the *Pope* ride me like an Ass,
And his Priests milk me like a Cow:
As Buckle to *Smectymnuan* Laws,
The bad effects o'th' *Good Old Cause*,
That have Doves Plumes, but Vul-
(tures Claws.

XIII.

For 'twas the *Holy Kirk* that nurs'd
The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew;
Foul Errors motly Vesture first
Was coated in a Northern Blue:
And what's th' enthusiastick Breed,
Or Men of *Knipperdoling*'s Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to Seed.

Yet

XIV.

Yet they all cry they love the King,
And make boast of their Innocence;
There cannot be so vile a Thing
But may be cover'd with Pretence:
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear
No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
No Traytor like *Jack-Presbyter*.

# THE ROUND-HEAD.

By Mr. *BUTLER*, Author of *Hudibras*.

1.

WHat Creature's that with his short Hairs,
His little Band, and huge long Ears,
That this new Faith hath founded?
The Saints themselves were never such,
The Prelate ne'er rul'd half so much.
O! *such a Rogue's a Roundhead.*

What's

II.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
And counts their Calling Reprobate,
'Cause by the Pope propounded;
And thinks a zealous Cobler better,
Than learned *Usher* in every Letter?
*O! such a Rogue's a Round-head!*

III.

What's he that doth High-Treason say,
As often as his *Ye's* and *Nay*,
And wish the King confounded;
And dares maintain that Mr. *Pim*
Is fitter for a Crown than him?
*O! such a Rogue's a Round-head!*

IV.

What's he that if he chance to hear
A little piece of *Common-Prayer*,

Doth

Doth think his Conſcience wounded,
Will go five Miles to Preach and Pray,
And meet a Siſter by the way?
*O! ſuch a Rogue's a Round-head.*

V.

What's he that met a Holy Siſter,
And in a Haycock gently kiſs'd her,
O! then his Zeal abounded:
'Twas underneath a ſhady Willow,
Her Bible ſerv'd her for a Pillow?
*And there he got a Round-head.*

# THE TURNCOAT.

The Tune of, *London is a fine Town.*

By Mr. *SAMUEL BUTLER*, Author of *Hudibras.*

1.

I Lov'd no King since Forty One,
When Prelacy went down,
A Cloak and Band I then put on,
And preach'd against the Crown.

Chorus.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a cunning Man,*
*That Cares to admiration,*
*And prays for any King to gain*
*The Peoples Approbation.*

II.

I shew'd the Paths to Heav'n untrod,
From Pop'ry to refine 'em,
And taught the People to serve God,
As if the Devil were in 'em.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat*, &c.

III.

When *Charles* return'd into our Land,
The *English* Church Supporter,
I shifted off my Cloak and Band,
And so became a Courtier.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat*, &c.

IV.

The King's Religion I profest,
And found there was no harm in't;
I cogg'd and flatter'd, like the rest,
Till I had got Preferment.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat*, &c.

V.

I taught my Conscience how to cope
With Honesty or Evil;
And when I rail'd against the Pope,
I sided with the Devil.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a cunning Man,*
*That Cants to admiration,*
*And prays for any King to gain*
*The Peoples Approbation.*

THE

# THE CHARACTERS OF THE Five Sectaries,

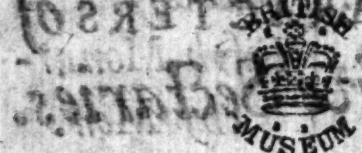
THE

*Presbyterian*,
*Independant*,
*Anabaptist*,
*Quaker*, and
*Fifth Monarchy-Men*.

Concluding

With Advice to King *Charles* the Second.

*LONDON*:
Printed in the Year M DCC XIV.


BRITISH
MUSEUM

# *The* CHARACTERS *of the Five Sectaries.*

OUR ancient Poets ſung of Crowds
Of Gods that dwelt beyond the (Clouds,
And of the Goddeſſes they bedded,
As Mortals do their Wives when wedded.
Which ſhews, that in thoſe pious Days,
The World did many Altars raiſe,
And taught by Poet, well as Prieſt,
Ador'd the Gods they lik'd the beſt,

Yet

Yet ne'er disputed unto whom
They paid a publick Hecatomb;
Or why one Great Immortal Brother
Was more respected than another:
But all were mutually agreed
To worship with most solemn heed,
The Gods of whom they'd greatest need.
As Flatterers adore those Friends
At Court who best can serve their Ends,
And cringe to him whose giving Hand
Has most Donations at command.
The Ambitious Man apply'd to *Jove*,
The Am'rous to the God of Love,
The Soldier to victorious *Mars*,
To keep him safe from Wounds and Scars
The Poet to *Apollo*'s Shrine,
The Toaper to the God of Wine,
The Whore to *Venus*, for Gallants,
To cool her Lust and ease her Wants;

The

The Hunter and abſtemious Maid,
Oblations to *Diana* paid,
And Mariners in all Diſtreſs,
Apply'd to *Neptune* for redreſs:
A Thouſand Deities beſide,
And Demi-gods to Gods ally'd,
Were worſhip'd in the Times of old,
As we're by ancient Authors told;
Nay, ſome ador'd, for ſundry Reaſons,
The Sun, that gives the World its Seaſons,
And to the Moon, that ſhines by Night,
Paid equal Homage for her Light;
Whilſt others were ſuch pious Fools,
To worſhip even Geeſe and Owls;
And without Cavils or Diſputes,
Oblations made to Birds and Brutes,
And with rich coſtly Banquets ſerv'd
Each wooden God themſelves had carv'd.

Altho'

Altho' they knew the Log divine
No Stomach had to Meat or Wine,
But in those Days they'd Priests that us'd
To pick up what their Gods refus'd,
Wisely considering 'twas not fitting
Good Food should spoil for want of eating.
However, in those Pious Times,
Mankind were conscious of their Crimes,
And would not bluster, rave, and bicker
For Dame Religion in their Liquor,
As roaring Bullies do when tipsy,
For this fair Punk, or that lewd Gypsy.
Then Garlands were on Maypoles hung,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds danc'd and sung,
And rural Swains with Pipes and Tabors
Delighted both themselves and Neighbours,
Enjoy'd their Bread in peace and quiet,
Without Contention, Feud, or Riot;

Obey'd

Obey'd their Princes unmolested,
And pay'd due rev'rence to the Priest-
(hood;
But in these Days of Reformation,
When Faith depends on Revelation,
And we but one Great God adore,
The giddy World is plagu'd with more
Religious Whims than heretofore:
As if each dreaming *Tom a Doodle*,
With crop-ear'd Melancholy Noddle,
Had right to teaſe, miſguide, and bait us
With ſome new Holy *Ignis fatuus*,
And putting on a ſober Face,
That outward Sign of inward Grace,
Pretend, without a Page of Learning,
To be more knowing and diſcerning,
In all myſterious holy Matters,
Than half a hundred *Pauls* or *Peters*.

The first of these that undermine
The Church, and all that is Divine,
Is prickear'd *Presbyterian Jack*,
That preaching, praying, whining Quack
Who does more harm 'mong Female Plackets,
Than old *Pontus* with his Packets.
A King he hates, tho' for no reason,
But for the Love he bears to Treason;
The very best of God's Vicegerents,
By him are represented Tyrants:
All Loyalty, but flatt'ring Knav'ry,
And true Allegiance, downright Slav'ry.
Yet none can more imperious be,
Or claim more rev'rence than he.
To Bishops he's a Foe most spightful,
The very Name to him is frightful;
And Lawn he scorns, because his Merit,
He knows, can never reach to wear it.

So

*So he that travels thro' the Streets*
*On Foot, derides the Coach he meets,*
*Not for its rattling thro' the Town,*
*But 'cause himself has ne'er a one.*

Whene'er in boarded Booth he teaches,
The only Doctrine that he preaches,
Is loudly railing 'gainst his Betters,
And binding Kings in Chains and Fetters
That all within his Holy Place,
May suck Rebellion in with Grace,
And when occasion serves, be ready
To pull down Sov'reign Lord or Lady.
The Church he wickedly blasphemes,
And shews his Malice in Extreams;
Condemns her to his gaping Hearers,
For holding many Popish Errors;
Calls her the *Babylonian* Whore,
And gives her fifty Titles more,

Deriv'd from *Calvin*, *Knox*, and others
That justly may be deem'd their Brothers
His Morals are intirely such
As held and practis'd by the *Dutch*,
Extracted from *Geneva* College,
Where callow Saints improve their Knowledge,
And learn, when young, to cover base
Opinions with a godly Face;
And as some wise Observers tell us,
To be religiously Rebellious,
And misapply, like mad Divines,
The Word of God to bad Designs.
*So pious Matron that beguiles*
*Her Husband and her Bed defiles,*
*To shew her undigested Goodness,*
*Talks Scripture even in her Lewdness.*

The next Reformer of the Nation,
Who Cants and Prays by Inspiration,
Affects

Affects the Name of Independant,
In vile Hypocrisy transcendant;
This Saint receives his Ordination
From th' Elders of the Congregation,
They give him Pow'r to first conduct 'em
Then does he bless 'em and instruct 'em,
And by long Lectures ill collected,
Direct 'em as they'd be directed;
Learning and all Degrees of Schools
They hold unnecessary Rules,
And think, by Grace, a Cobling Zealot
May prove as wise as Priest or Prelat,
And expound Scripture to their Hearers,
By Inspiration, without Errors,
As well as he who has at College
Chop'd Logick to improve his Knowledge

Church Matters they debate by Laymen,
And give great Privilege to Women,

Allow their Teachers, who can Stitch
A Shoe, perhaps, as well as preach,
To mind their Work all days but one day;
On which they cant, and that's the Sun-
(day.
Their Teachers have no Pow'r supream
O'er those they teach, but they o'er them,
And for the meaneſt trivial things,
Depoſe them as they would their Kings.
Firſt taught by Jeſuits in diſguiſe,
To foſter what the Church denies,
And to maintain ſuch heath'niſh Points
As make 'em ſuch rebellious Saints:
From them and other Priests of Rome
Who, to confound us, hither come,
The Independing Saint derives
Thoſe wretched Tenets he revives,
And all that ſtiff-neck'd holy Pride
The Zealot shews in ev'ry Stride.

His

His quaint Grimace, as full of ſpight
As pamper'd Horſe juſt going to Bite:
His Cloak, his Collar, and his Band,
That do more Miſchief underhand
Than fifty Guides of Pariſh Flocks,
Do good by drumming Orthodox.

Among theſe rank rebellious Weeds,
The *Anabaptiſt* next ſucceeds;
Theſe Saints derive their way of fooling
From *Suter Humor Knipperdoling*,
*Hut*, *Hetzer*, *Hofman*, and a Crew
Of frantick Fools, the Lord knows who,
Some Botchers, others Cobling Zealots,
That follow'd neither Prieſt nor Prelats,
But roar'd at both, like Bear or Dragon,
And preach'd ſometimes without a rag on,
Which made the Women flock to ſee
The Tokens of their Sanctity,

And to behold the naked truth,
As well as hear it from the Mouth.
These Sons of Grace and of Adoption,
Refin'd from Sin and all Corruption,
So cross-grain'd, holy, and morose,
Love Coin altho' they hate the Cross;
Are therefore full of idle Scepti'sm,
Concerning of its Sign in Baptism;
Nor can his Intellects conclude
The Type of Sprinkling to be good;
Yet will in solemn Words assert,
He loves the Church with all his Heart;
And cou'd conform, with a Proviso,
She'd into *Bapto* change *Baptizo*.
His Doctrine chiefly is upon
The ancient use of *Baptist John*,
Whose sacred Customs the Enthusiast
Prefers to's Saviour's Institution,

And rather than with God comply,
Will upon mortal Man rely,
Who was not worthy to unloose
The Latchets of our Saviour's Shoes.
The Font he will not hear a word on,
But flies away to th' River *Jordan*;
And tho' no sprinkling will go down,
He'll dip you there until you drown.
*Thus many at a Straw will stumble,*
*That leap o'er Logs and never grumble,*
*So the stiff Consciences of those*
*Who are the Church's greatest Foes,*
*With little Sins are apt to struggle,*
*But swallow great ones without boggle.*

The *Quaker* next that Quirpo Saint,
In Dress and Speech so very quaint,
Whose holy Pride would chuse much (rather
To hazard Hell than say, *Our Father*;

Or sooner bend to Psalm or Plaister,
Than bow his Head before the Altar.
Among the rest promotes the Notion
Of Popery and of Persecution,
And in his groaning Fits abuses
The Church for what she never uses,
Cries out the Horned Beast, the Dragon,
The Scarlet Whore, the Pope, the Pagan,
When all the Whims that cause his lad-
(ness,
Proceed from Folly, Zeal, and Madness,
Which in his crazy Crown unite,
And kindle what he calls the Light,
An Ignis fatuus that bewitches
Like that which springs from marshy
(Ditches,
And leads him into foul Mistakes,
As t'other into thorny Brakes.
Much Conscience he pretends to use,
But deals with Churchmen as with Jews

And

And tho' he will not swear will play
The cunning Knave, by Yea and Nay,
With sober *Verities* outwit ye,
And in a solemn manner cheat ye;
Defies the Wicked to deceive him,
Yet cozens all Men that believe him,
And costly Sins, for which he cares not,
Makes up with lying, tho' he swears not,
Which shews his Conscience can detest
All Vice but what he likes the best.
*And Women who reserve their Kisses,*
*Because they value not Love's Blisses,*
*Compound for the neglect of Joy,*
*And to the Closet-Bottle fly.*

The next pretending Son of Grace,
With formal Mien and solemn Face,
Is the *Fifth Monarchy* Enthusion,
The Pink and Pattern of Confusion;

A stub-

A ſtubborn Rebel, who to teaſe us,
Will own no other King but *Jeſus*;
And him, was he on Earth to reign,
The Saints would crucify again,
Or ſerve him as themſelves and Fellows,
Who were a ſcandal to the Gallows.
Did the beſt King, the braveſt Soy'reign
That e'er had Right Divine to govern,
Theſe, if the Devil e'er poſſeſt
One wicked Sect above the reſt,
Are ſurely thoſe whoſe Words & Actions
Are under *Belzebub*'s Directions.
In this Enthuſiaſtick Herd
The maddeſt of the Saints appear'd
Thoſe ſacred Rogues who, were the (proudeſt
Of Deeds the blackeſt and the bloody'ſt,
And had the ſaving Grace to boaſt
Of the worſt Villanies the moſt,

As if they wanted to exert
On Earth the Wickedness of Hell,
And vilely hop'd, by dint of Blood,
To turn all Evil into Good.
*As Rebels when they with the Dey,*
*O'er Lawful Pow'rs usurp the Sway,*
*And by new Precepts of their own*
*Charge all the Crimes themselves have done,*
*On those they've wrong'd and over-thrown.*

Of these and all the other Saints,
Who've given the Christian Church such rents,
Murder'd their King, usurp'd the Throne
And turn'd the Kingdom upside down,
O *England*, *England*! have a care,
No Mercy shew, or Justice spare,
To whining holy Cheats that pray
As Witches do, the backward way,

And ne'er invoke the God of Peace,
Except to bless their Villanies.
O *England*! look a little back,
Behold how daring and how black
A Progress they had lately made,
When all was in Confusion laid,
And no Man's Life, or his Estate
Secure from their rebellious Hate.
The Churches they to Stables turn'd,
And Prisons, where the Loyal mourn'd,
The Pulpit to a sinful Box
Of Treason, 'stead of Orthodox;
*Whitehall*, where Princes us'd to meet,
Transform'd into a Rebel's Seat,
Where Pious Knaves, with one accord,
Together kneel'd to seek the Lord;
The Nation to a Field of Blood,
Where Traytors triumph'd o'er the good

And

And made the profitable Toils
Of others their continual Spoils;
The Laws againſt the Church and Crown
Were turn'd to pull and keep 'em down,
And all Religion into baſe
Hypocriſy and dull Grimace.
Therefore, O King! let e'ery Sect,
By wholſome Laws be duly check'd:
Thy juſt Prerogative extend,
Aſſert thy Throne, the Church defend,
And timely pare the Hydra's Claws,
Or thou wilt find the *Good Old Cauſe*
New ſtrength will of a ſudden gather,
And ſerve thee as ſhe did thy Father.

# A Key to the COURT

# A Key to the COURT OF King CHARLES II.

## A Burleſque Poem on the Lords and Ladies written by Mr. *Butler*.

### The Court Miſtreſſes.

*THE Character of* Nell Gwin. Page 25.
*The Character of* Moll Davis. 27.
*The Character of the Counteſs of* Caſtlemain, *afterwards Dutcheſs of* Cleveland. 30.
*The Character of the Dutcheſs of* Portſmouth. 32.

The

## The Statesmen.

*The Character of my Lord Chancellor* C——don. 38
*The Character of the Earl of* D--by, *Lord Treasurer.* 41.
*The Character of* George Villiers, *late Duke of* Buckingham. 46.
*The Character of* James *Duke of* Monmouth. 55
*The Character of the Earl of* Shaftsbury. 57.
*The Character of the Duke of* Lautherdale. 60.
*The Character of* John Wilmot, *late Earl of* Rochester.

10 JY 60

The

# A KEY TO HUDIBRASS.

Written by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year M DCC XIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# TO THE READER.

THIS *Key that is now preſented to the Publick I procured many Years ſince from my Learned Friend* Dr. Midgley, *who aſſured me that it was written by Sir* Roger L'eſtrange *to oblige a Perſon of Quality. But on the earneſt Solicitations of the Publiſher of theſe Poſthumous Works of Mr.* Butler, *I gave him this Manuſcript, which I believe will anſwer*

# To the READER.

*[illegible] World till a better Key can be found out. I am of Opinion, that there can't be a greater Service done to my Country, than exposing the Principles of a Rebellious Republican Party, whose only Aims are Anarchy, Confusion, and utter subversion of true Religion and Monarchical Government.*

B. S.

10 JY 60

AN

# Alphabetical Key

TO

# *HUDIBRASS,*

Paged to the laſt Edition.

PAge 11. line 337.

*For* Arthur *wore in Hall.*

Prince *Arthur*, one of the Nine Worthies of the World.

Page

Page 38. line 249.

——Bruin *march'd next him,*
*With Visage formidably grim,*
*And rugged as a* Sarazen,
*Or* Turk *of* Mahomet's *own Kin.*

*Bruin* or *Turk*, *Bear* or *Dog*, signify the different Sects in those Rebellious Times; which *Hudibras*, the chief Hero of Mr. *Butler*'s Poem, would make Confederates for the suppressing of Kingly Government and Episcopacy.

Page 42. line 412.

Cerdon *the great renown'd in Song,*
*Like* Herc'les *for reprieve of Wrong.*

By *Cerdon* is meant one-ey'd *Hewson* the Cobler, who, from a private Centinel in the Parliament Army was made a Colonel.

Page 71. line 153.

——— *Circumcis'd Brethren.*

*Viz. Bastwick*, *Burton*, and *Prynn*, who lost their Ears in the Pillory, had their Noses slit, and were stigmatiz'd

in

in the Forehead for lampooning *Henrietta Maria* Queen of *England*, and the Bishops.

Pag. 43. line 442.

Colon *came, bold Man of War,*
*Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star.*

This *Colon* hints at one *Ned Perry*, an Hostler, who tho' he lov'd Bear-baiting, was nevertheless such a strange *Precisian*, that he wou'd lie with any Whore, but the *Whore of Babylon*.

Page 33. line 106.

Crowdero *march'd, expert and able.*

He hints at one *Jackson* a Milliner in the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*; who falling to decay, by losing a Leg in the *Roundheads* Service, he was oblig'd to scrape upon a Violin from one Alehouse to another, for his Bread.

Page 296. line 1203.

——— Croisado *General.*

Lord *Fairfax*, General of the Parliamentarian *Army*.

Page 178. line 1004.
*Was buried by him, found out by* Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a merry Astrologer, and pleasant Companion of *Ben Johnson's*.

Page 2. line 40.
HUDIBRASS.

A Name which the Author of that excellent Poem so Intitl'd, bestows on Sir *Samuel Luke* of *Bedfordshire*; a Self-conceited Commander under *Oliver Cromwel*.

Page 171. line 163.
*Appear in divers Shapes to* Kelly.

This *Kelly* was an *Irish* Priest, who fomented the Rebellion, by preaching in Disguise among the Dissenters of those Times.

Page 237. line 868.
*The Nymphs of chaste* Diana's *strain,*
*The same with those in* Lukeners-lane

*Lukener's-Lane*, a Place still a Rendezvous

dezvous and Nursery for lewd Women; but first resorted to by the *Roundheads*.

Page 40. line 331.

——— Magnano *cause of Martial Fame*.

Magnano *great in Martial Fame*.

*Magnano* here is put for *Simeon Wait*, a Tinker, as famous an Independant Preacher as *Burroughs*; who, with equal Blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would stile *Oliver Cromwel* the Archangel giving Battle to the Devil.

Page 28. line 906.

*This sung there is a valiant* Mamaluke.

The Author means by this Person Sir *Samuel Luke*, the chief Hero of his Poem.

Page 342. line 188.

——— Nye's *Thanksgiving Beard*.

One of the Assembly of Dissenting Ministers, noted for his ugly Beard.

Page 267. line 226.

——Oliver gave up his Reign.

By this Mr. *Butler* points at the great Hurricane which happen'd at the Death of this infamous Usurper; who rifled Colleges to promote Learning, and pull'd down Churches for Edification.

Page 35. line 247.

—— Orsin *famous for Wise Conduct and Success in War.*

This fictitious Name seems to hint at one *Josbua Goslin*, who kept Bears at *Paris-Garden* on *Southwark* side; however, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

Page 133. line 725.

—— *Philosophers of late here.*

Hinting at Sir *Kenelm Digby*; who, in his Book of Bodies, gives the Relation of a *German* Boy, living in the Woods, and going on his Hands and Feet, like a four-footed Beast.

Page 111. line 351.

*Politician,*

*With more Heads than Beast in Vision.*

Sir *Anthony Ashly Cooper*, noted as much for his Wit, as his Loyal when Earl of *Shaftsbury*, at the Sessions-House in the *Old Bailey*, on *Thursday* the 24th of *November*, 1681. for High-Treason; part of the Indictment against him being for speaking irreverently and slightly against the King, *That he was a weak Man, an inconstant Man, of an unsettled Resolution; easily led by the Nose, as his Father was, by a Popish Queen, which was his Reine.*

Page 99. line 1122.

*Pope's Bull.*

Alluding to a Book intituled, *The Pope's Bull baited*; a Polemical Piece of Divinity, said to be written by the Learned Doctor *Whitaker.*

Page 207. line 1290.

*Ruder.*

A Drayman, who was a Colonel in the Rebels Army.

Page 25. line 45.

Ralpho,

That in th' Adventure went his Half.

This *Ralpho* was *Isaac Robinson*, Esquire, to *Hudibras*, and a zealous Brother in *Mansfield*; who, in the time of the Rebellion in Forty One, was always contriving some new Quirpo-rut of Church-Government.

Page 27. line 4.

To watch this Saint.

Meaning by this venerable Name, that infamous Rebel Colonel *John Lilburn*.

Page 150. line 436.

Sedgwick.

*And some of us find out by Magick.*

A noted *Puritan*, who predicted the Day of Judgment was to happen on a certain Day of the Month, in the Year 1645; but his Prediction is not yet come to pass.

Page

A Key to the Dreamers.

Page 29. line 9.

Sidrophel,

*That to the Moon his Destiny does bind,*
*And Sage Opinions of the Moon sells.*

This points at *Lilly* the Astrologer; who gave out such Predictions against the Royal Family, that he had like to have been hang'd for 'em after the Restauration.

Page 40. line 25.

*Six Members Quarrel to espouse.*

They were the Lord *Kimbolton*, *Hollis*, *Pim*, *Hambden*, *Strowd*, and Sir *Arthur Haslerig*; notorious Rebels, always plotting with the *Scots*; whereupon King *Charles* the First preferring Articles against them, sent his Guards to seize them in the House of Commons; but on notice thereof they fled from Justice. Mr. *Cleveland* takes notice of this *Kimbolton* thus.

*Rupert, the Great Rupert sounds so,*
*Kimbolton's but a Wheelbarrow.*

Page

## A Key to Hudibras.

Page 100. line 1166.

### Smeck.

A contraction of *Smectymnuus*, a Word made up of the initial Letters of the Christian and Sirnames of five Factious Rebels; namely, *Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomben,* and *William Spurstow*; who writ a Book against Episcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all subscrib'd their Names. Of these Club-Preachers *Cleaveland* thus writes:

*Smectymnuus! the Goblin makes me start,*
*I'th' Name of Rabbi* Abraham, *what art?*
*Syriack, or Arabick, or Welsh, what shift*
*Apt all the Bricklayers that Babel built,*
*Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it;*
*Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet.*
*But do the Brotherhood then play their Prizes,*
*Like Mummers in Religion with Disguises? Out-*

*Outbrave us with a Name in Rank (and File,*
*A Name, which if 'twere train'd, would spread a Mile.*
*The Saints Monopoly, the zealous Clu- (ster,*
*Which, like a Porcupine, presents a (Muster,*
*And shoots his Quills at Bishops and (their Sees,*
*A devout Litter of young Maccabees.*

Page 328. line 307.

*An old dull* Sot *at* Bridewel-*Dock.*

One *Prideaux*, a pragmatical Justice of the Peace, noted as much for his extorting Money from Delinquents, as his Disloyalty to his Sovereign.

Page 267. line 220.

——————Sterry.

A Fanatical Preacher admir'd by *Hugh Peters* for his Treasonable Discourses when he held forth.

Page 263. line 78.

*And laid about as hot and brainsick,*
*As th' utter Barister of* Swansick.

Meaning by this Barister *William Prynne*, who was of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and a great stickler against Kingly Government.

Page 39. line 299.

Talgol *was of Courage stout,*
*And vanquish'd oftner than he fought.*

He was a Butcher in *Newgate-Market*, his Name was *Jackson*; and obtain'd a Captain's Commission for his rebellious Bravery at *Naseby* Fight.

Page 41. line 365.

——— Trulla *more bright,*
*Than burnisht Armour of her Knight.*

The Daughter of *James Spencer*, a Quaker, debauch'd first by her Father; and then by *Magnano* the Tinker, as bovementionn'd.

Page 267. line 281.

*Lame* Vicegerent.

Meaning *Richard*, the eldest Son of *Oliver*, proclaim'd Protector after his Father's Death.

Page 196. line 325.

Whacum, *bred to dash and draw,*
*Not Wine, but more unwholsome Law.*

*Tom Jones*, a foolish *Welshman* that could neither Write nor Read, Zany to *Lilly* the Astrologer.

Page 75. line 312.

*Widow's Jointure-Land.*

The precious Relique of *Aminadab Wilmot*, an Independant, kill'd at the Fight of *Edge-hill*; and having Two hundred Pounds *per Annum* left her for a Jointure, *Hudibras* fell in Love with her, or did worse.

Page

Page 201 line 6 of I.

## Withers, Prynne, and Vickars.

The first of these Puritans was a Fa[na]tical Poet, whose Works (good for nothing) were formerly in great Request among Chandlers and Pastry Cooks. The next was a Barrister of *Lincoln's-Inn*, as great a Scribler as the former, but to as little purpose. And the last was a Tub-preacher, that taught, Rebellion was the right Road to Reformation.

FINIS.

10 JY 60